HARPER'S A WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLIII.—No. 2208
Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers
All Rights Reserved
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1899

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

AN INCIDENT IN ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP-HUNTING.

Drawn by Fernand H. Lungren.—[See Page 367.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES
WITH AN ILLUMINATED COVER

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 15, 1899

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

Our Legislators

LEGISLATURES assembled in three-fourths of the States during the first days of January. The great majority of these bodies have adjourned, and the work of the rest is so far advanced that judgment can fairly be passed upon them.

A review of the field shows that no general verdict can be rendered in favor of or against legislatures as instrumentalities of government. One cannot say that the law-makers of our States are, as a class, good or bad. In one commonwealth the people seem well satisfied with the work of those whom they chose to represent them, while in another the voters are utterly disgusted with the record of the session. In some States the legislators have been industrious, faithful, and efficient; in others their performances have been so shameful as to scandalize the community.

New England has, on the whole, maintained ancient standards of law-making better than other parts of the country. The New Hampshire Legislature adjourned only sixty-six days after it assembled, having occupied less time than any other body since the biennial system was introduced, twenty years ago; but it had done the necessary work. A Concord authority, familiar with proceedings at the capital of the Granite State, announces himself "not among those who declare the deterioration of law-makers and law-making," and says that "a New Hampshire Legislature is a body of average New Hampshire men." Much the same thing seems to be true of the adjoining State of Maine. Here the impression left was perhaps somewhat more negative, but, at any rate, there was nothing to justify severe criticism.

The strongest possible contrast is presented when one compares with this showing on the Atlantic coast the record for the chief State on the Pacific. The session of the California Legislature was one long succession of scandals. Corruption was proved against many of the members, and the Speaker of the lower branch felt constrained to resign by the disclosures of his bad character. The situation was as bad in the mining State of Montana. Here too corruption was openly charged, and the honesty of many members was involved in doubt, to take the most charitable view possible.

Between the Rockies and the Atlantic all sorts of legislatures have sat—good, bad, and indifferent. Perhaps the best of the lot was the one in Indiana, which passed laws establishing radical reforms in local government. The Illinois body has furnished a striking illustration of the power which the people can wield when they choose to exercise it. By an almost unanimous vote it repealed an act which was passed by good majorities two years ago, with the support of many members who now opposed it, public sentiment in the mean time having overwhelmingly condemned the law as a surrender of popular rights in the matter of important franchises. The North Dakota Legislature enacted one law which is of national interest, requiring a longer residence than heretofore in order to secure a divorce—a change that will end a scandal which has been a reproach to both country and State.

The record of the Albany law-makers is not yet made up, but one thing can already be said: Whatever good there shall be in it will be chiefly due to the influence and insistence of a Governor who believes in reform, and who uses all of his great power to extort it from those who do not want it. Pennsylvania lacks such an executive as Roosevelt, and nothing in the way of improvement will be secured at Harrisburg. The two greatest States in the Union long ago ceased to elect legislatures which could serve as models for smaller commonwealths. An investigation into charges of bribery at the Pennsylvania capital has developed a lamentable lack of robust character in the public men who gather there. It is not so much the fact that promises of money and offices were freely made to influence the action of legislators which is depressing, as the revelation that such offers seemed so natural that they do not appear in a single case to have been spurned with the contempt which a high-minded man would feel for so great an insult.

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the election of United States Senators by legislatures tends to lower the standard of law-makers in the States. Not that a Senatorial election must necessarily demoralize a legislature. This is clear enough when one considers the case of Maine, where there was practically no opposition in the dominant party to giving Senator Hale another term; or even that of Indiana, where a lively struggle within the Republican party for the nomination ended with the decision of the caucus a few days after the opening of the session. But there have been several instances during the past winter where weeks of a legislature's time were largely wasted before the struggle over the choice of a Senator was ended, while in Delaware, Utah, and California the session expired without an election. The corruption which has been unearthed at half a dozen capitals is directly traceable to the fact that the function of choosing a Senator devolves upon men who are—or should be—sent to the legislature primarily to make laws for the State. The little commonwealth of Delaware, with a most honorable record for her public men, is now covered with shame because a vulgar millionaire set out to buy the Senatorship, and in the process sought to corrupt both the general body of electors and the members of the Legislature. Addicksism would have been unknown in Delaware if her law-makers had never had any duty to perform except that of making laws.

But, after all, it rests with the people whether a legislature shall be good or bad. There are good legislatures in States which are distracted by controversies over Senatorships, and there are bad ones where only State issues are at stake. The election of Senators by popular vote might help to clear the air, but it would not of itself prevent fogs or avert storms. Nothing worth having is obtained without hard work, and no State will have an honest and efficient body of law-makers which trusts to luck in their choice.

MUNICIPAL elections were held in several Western cities last week, and the results are full of encouragement. In Cleveland, in Toledo, in Chicago, and in more than one smaller place the contests turned largely, if not altogether, on municipal issues. In Chicago the platform upon which Mayor Harrison ran for re-election absolutely ignored national politics, and the only resolutions adopted by the Republican convention to which any attention was paid during the canvass were those relating to city affairs. In Toledo the overshadowing issue was the question of municipal ownership of "public utilities," Mayor Jones running as an independent candidate to champion this policy, after the Republicans, who elected him two years ago, had refused to renominate him. In Cleveland a Republican Mayor running for another term was defeated by about 3000 plurality, while all of his party associates on the ticket were successful by pluralities ranging from nearly 6000 to over 9000, because many thousands of Republicans were bent on destroying the machine which had dominated the city government. "Political partisanship has been practically eliminated from a municipal campaign in Chicago," said a journal of that city which warmly supports the Republican national administration, but earnestly favored the election of the Democratic Mayor. "It was not a party fight, for party lines were obliterated," said the leading Democratic newspaper of Cleveland in commenting on the election of the Democratic candidate. Republicans and Democrats in Toledo combined to defeat Mayor Jones, while others of both the great national parties worked zealously in his behalf, because they either opposed or favored the municipal principles which he represented. All this furnishes abundant cause for rejoicing. People at a distance may differ as to whether the results of all the recent elections were the best possible, but there can be no question that the way of reaching those results was the only sound way—to decide questions of municipal administration upon the municipal principles of candidates, and not upon their attitude toward silver or the war in the Philippines.

THE victory for the principle of municipal ownership in Toledo is an event of much more than local interest. This is the first time that the issue has been squarely presented to the voters of a city, and all of the circumstances combined to make the result decisive as to public sentiment in a place of 100,000 inhabitants. Mayor Jones has openly and ardently advocated the policy of city ownership of lighting-plants and street-railway systems during the term just ending, and he sought another term upon the express pledge that he would put his theories into practice if the people should give him the chance. Everybody knew that a vote for Jones meant a vote for this policy, and although the "organization" of each of the great parties was against him, he polled twice as many ballots as both of their candidates. It is evident enough that this result was helped by the strong personality of the man who embodied the idea of municipal ownership, but it is equally plain that the idea can be rendered very attractive to a large element in any city by a skilful advocate. Indeed, at almost the very time when Mayor Jones was winning a victory for this policy from the voters of Toledo, Governor Pingree of Michigan was carrying the same policy through the Common Council of Detroit, as he had previously carried it through the Legislature of his State. The Governor has long favored the operation of the street-railway lines in the chief city of Michigan by the municipality, and he has now secured in succession the law that he needed at the State capital and the virtual acceptance of this law by the Detroit Council, which has made him chairman of the commission to carry the scheme into effect. Governor Pingree is thoroughly convinced that the city can run the roads on the basis of three-cent fares with universal transfers, and it is easy to see how captivating such a programme must be to the masses. These developments in Toledo and Detroit are signs of the times, which no student of governmental tendencies in this country can afford to disregard.

THE Samoan complications furnish an excellent illustration of the difficulties in which our government is always liable to be involved when it attempts to regulate the course of affairs in remote quarters of the globe. It would take a column to set forth all the considerations involved in the controversy between the rival native chieftains, and the series of events which culminated in the shelling of various villages by war-vessels of the United States and England. As well as can be judged at such a distance and upon the somewhat scanty information thus far received, the representatives of our government in the islands have behaved with discretion, and the latest indications point to an amicable settlement of the points at issue between this nation, Germany, and England. But why should the United States have anything to do with the squabbles of savages in the South Seas? What have we ever gained by interference in Samoan affairs? What good have we done the natives? In short, what is there, except a great deal of bother and worry, to show for this venture of ours in attempting to help govern a group of distant islands, with which we have no community of interests? These are the questions which have occurred to most Americans as they read the recent despatches from Samoa.

IT is gratifying to observe the steady progress which is making in the administration of penal, reformatory, and charitable institutions, through the substitution of business methods for the old system of political rule. In the West, State after State is learning the wisdom of a non-partisan management. Repeated alternations between Republicanism and Populism in Kansas have educated the people, until they now generally agree with their new Governor that "reforms can never be completed if the management of our prisons and reformatories is to be given over to politicians as a reward for party services." Indiana has been through an equally bitter experience, and a few years ago was shamed by the inefficiency and scandals bred of the spoils system into the abolition of politics from all such institutions. Minnesota has learned the same lesson so well that, when the Republicans lost control of the State last fall for the first time in forty years, the Populist Governor refused to make any change in the wardenship of the prison. One result of all this is that Eastern States are already looking to the West for officials bred under the non-partisan system, Connecticut having recently sought a warden for its State prison in Minnesota, and Boston a superintendent of its almshouse in Indiana. Every such vindication of sound methods where they have been applied makes it all the easier to introduce the reform in States still suffering under the old system.

C

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE first literary fruit of Kipling's convalescence was this letter to the newspapers:

> HOTEL GRENOBLE, NEW YORK,
> *Easter day, 1899.*
>
> DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me through your columns to attempt some acknowledgment of the wonderful sympathy, affection, and kindness shown towards me during my recent illness, as well as of the unfailing courtesy that controlled its expression? I am not strong enough to answer letters in detail, so I must take this means of thanking, as humbly as sincerely, the countless people of good-will throughout the world who have put me under a debt I can never hope to repay. Very faithfully yours, (Signed) RUDYARD KIPLING.

He comes back slowly, but he is really coming. The most we can do for him now is to forget all about him for a while until he has a chance to find himself, and draw a long, long breath, and get his bearings.

CONGRESS has authorized the coinage of 50,000 silver dollars of new design, which are to represent Uncle Sam's subscription to the monument to Lafayette which is to be erected in Paris. On one side of the coin will probably appear Lafayette's prayer for the United States (about forty words), and on the other, probably the faces of Washington and Lafayette, and perhaps those of Lincoln and Grant also. President McKinley was invited to appear on the coin with his four eminent predecessors, but resolutely declined. Paul Bartlett and Karl Bitter are expected to offer competitive designs for the sculptural part of the monument, and it is expected that there will be something ready, either in permanent material or in staff, which can be unveiled on July 4, 1900. Perhaps the architectural part may be completed by that time in its true material, with the statue in staff in its place.

AN interesting fight is in progress in Massachusetts over the matter of giving the public-school children instruction about alcohol and tobacco. Two bills touching the matter are now before the Legislature, one of which is strongly backed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the other by the teachers of the State and the leading educational authorities. One bill would intensify the provisions of the present law; the other would modify them. As the whole question is being pretty well thrashed out, there is ground for hope that a sound and sensible enactment covering this vexed subject may result.

THERE is every indication that the problem of a successor to Dr. Hall in the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York has been solved by the agreement of the trustees and the committee of the congregation to call the Rev. Alexander Connell, of the Regent Square Church in London. Dr. Connell has been to China on a tour of inspection for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and it has been because of his absence from home that the summons to him has been so long delayed. He is thirty-one years old, but already a man of eminence in his calling.

AMONG other things that you notice nowadays, when you put your ear to the ground, are the preliminary rumblings of the World's Fair at St. Louis. It is set for 1903, and that is only four years off, so that it is high time the money to make it should be coming into sight. It is coming. One reads from day to day such items from St. Louis as that the master-plumbers have met, and agreed to invest a $1000 apiece, or more, in the stock of the fair; or that the wholesale salesmen have dined, and agreed to subscribe $100,000. St. Louis expects her own citizens to subscribe for $5,000,000 worth of stock. On March 30, $810,000 had been heard from, and it was thought to be evident that the whole stock of the exposition company would be disposed of by May 1. Obviously St. Louis is in earnest. Here's hoping that her fair may be a good fair, and that means may be found to enable every citizen of Missouri to attend it. If half the stories about the people in the outlying districts of Missouri are true, their presence at the fair will add greatly to the interest of the spectacle to folks from other States.

FOLLOWING the proposition of the Metropolitan Railway Company, to build an underground railway in New York on terms briefly stated in the last issue of the WEEKLY, comes a new bid from an organization called the Metropolis Contract Company, which says in effect that if the city will guarantee its bonds for $33,000,000 it will build in two years and a half the whole underground railroad on both sides of the island, will pay the city five per cent. of its gross receipts, will carry all passengers for a five-cent fare and give transfers to all surface lines, will pay the interest on its bonds, and will pay the principal within fifty years, at the end of which time the roads will become the property of the city. If the company which makes this offer should prove to be fully competent to perform all that it proposes to undertake, an obstacle to the acceptance of its proposal would be the apparent inability of the city to incur at this time the large additional indebtedness which this new plan contemplates.

Another bit of news which nearly affects the transportation problem in New York is the announcement of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad that it has arranged with the Third Avenue Railroad Company for a transfer system by which the payment of one eight-cent fare will entitle the passengers to use the cars of both lines. The scheme of co-operation between the Third Avenue and Manhattan Elevated roads contemplates the conveyance of passengers from points as far north as New Rochelle, Mount Vernon, and Yonkers, to all points on Manhattan Island, for a fare of eight cents. The intention is that when the Elevated has put in the electrical system for which it has arranged, the two roads (the Elevated and Third Avenue) shall join in building power-houses and producing electricity for their common use. All these propositions and combinations betoken a vast improvement within three or four years in the transportation of passengers in New York and its vicinity, and the provision of such a system of rapid transit as no other city has ever rivalled. The transportation problem in New York being the most difficult in the world, it is only natural that the apparatus for its solution should be the most prodigious and extensive known. In Brooklyn, too, the rapid-transit system is being overhauled, extended, and perfected. A second East River bridge will soon be in the course of construction; a tunnel from Brooklyn to the City Hall Park in New York seems sure to be a part of the underground railroad, and it cannot be very long before a tunnel or a bridge, or both, will alleviate the present difficulties of communication with the State of New Jersey.

The daily problem of fetching to New York every one who wants to come, of carrying out of New York every one who wants to go, and of transferring from point to point in New York every one who wants to move, gives a wonderful opportunity to contemporary science and contemporary energy to show what they can do. Money is abundant, and commercially the job is worth perfecting, so that whatever its prosecution requires will be forthcoming.

PHYSICIANS, both in this country and in Europe, are concerned and greatly interested by the increase of mortality from cancer. In the *Medical News* there was lately published a paper by Dr. Roswell Park, of Buffalo, in which he names cancer as the only disease now known to be on the increase. In England and Wales, he says, the death-rate from it has increased fourfold since 1840. In 1887, in the State of New York, there were 2363 deaths from cancer and 11,609 from consumption. In 1898 there were 4456 deaths from cancer and 12,552 from consumption. A careful study of the rate of this increase of mortality from cancer seems to Dr. Park to warrant the assertion that if for another ten years the relative death-rates are maintained, there will be more deaths in New York State in 1909 from cancer than from consumption, typhoid fever, and small-pox combined. Naturally the medical profession has bent its mind to the investigation of cancer and its causes, but not as yet with conclusive results. The investigators now believe that the disease is undoubtedly parasitic, and therefore infectious, and we are entitled to hope that progress may not be long deferred from that conviction to the discovery of a remedy more effectual than any now in use.

Allusion has several times been made in the WEEKLY to the work undertaken by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop for the care of incurable cancer patients among the poor of the East Side in New York. It is not necessary to enlarge upon Mrs. Lathrop's devotion, or on the fortitude with which her labors have been prosecuted without adequate funds or a suitable place to work in. At present her work is carried on in a little house at 668 Water Street, but recently she has appealed for money to buy the house No. 426 Cherry Street. The price is $15,000. She has raised $6000, which insures her possession of the house, and she will move into it on May 1. She is still receiving subscriptions to pay the balance of the purchase price and the running expenses of her work. As to these expenses, Mrs. Lathrop says: "If I had all I needed it would take $600 a month. I have got along with $50."

THE widow of Baron de Hirsch, who died in Paris on April 1, has been credited with being the chief instigator of the great charities by which her late husband will be best and longest remembered. The baron died in Vienna in 1896, leaving a fortune estimated at $125,000,000, the result of a business career of extraordinary energy, success, and thrift. Before his death he had begun his great work in behalf of the Jews of Russia, and with his wife's help had established the Colonization Society, with a fund of $28,000,000, to aid in the emigration of Russian Jews to the United States and other countries of America. To this work the baroness continued to devote herself after her husband's death. One branch of it to which she gave special attention was the improvement of the condition of the immigrant Jews living in the East Side district of New York. Last year she gave a million dollars for this purpose through Mr. Straus, our minister to Constantinople.

She was the daughter of a banker, Herr Bischoffheim of Brussels, and before her marriage was her father's secretary, and so acquired a useful knowledge of business. When she was twenty-two she was married to Baron de Hirsch. At the time of her death she was about sixty-five years old.

IT was noted the other day in the WEEKLY that the Belgian steamer *Belgica* had been in antarctic seas since late in December, 1897; that her commander, Lieutenant de Gerlach, had failed to carry out his plan of returning to Australia for the winter of 1898; that the *Belgica* must therefore have wintered on or near the antarctic continent, and, if so, was the first vessel to do so. Inasmuch as winter is now beginning again at the south pole, it was felt that if the *Belgica* was safe and able to get away she would soon be heard from, and that if she were not heard from this spring there would be grounds for anxiety about her fate.

A despatch from Montevideo says that the *Belgica* arrived there on April 4. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, who went with the expedition as surgeon, telegraphs that the voyage has been completely successful, that much new land in Waddell Sea and open water to the far south has been discovered, and that active volcanoes were seen. Later reports say that the *Belgica's* farthest south was 71° 36′, and that the greatest cold was 43° below zero, in September.

IF half of the newspaper stories are true about the monuments of prehistoric antiquity that are lying around on this continent, it would seem as if American archæology, adequately pursued, ought to furnish a very high quality of sport. For example, if one had a fortnight to spare and a little money to spare with it, how much more interesting than golf it would be to run down a story that was printed in the New York *Sun* of April 2 about an extraordinary structure that is said to exist in Copiah County, Mississippi, about eighteen miles southwest of Hazelhurst, the county-seat! The story is that the inhabitants thereabout have been in the habit of using stone, obtained from what they called a quarry, which had the peculiarity of being found in oblong-hewn blocks. The shape of the stones seems not to have troubled any one until, in 1893, it attracted the attention of Colonel Louis Dupree, of Clinton, a brother of Professor Dupree of the State University of Mississippi. He heard about these squared stones and promptly developed a desire to see the quarry that produced them. He found, according to the information given in the *Sun*, that the quarry was an uncovered piece of masonry which formed part of a broad wall-like structure which extended forty miles across the country towards the Mississippi, and was mostly buried under the soil. He arranged for a survey of it, and expected to publish an account of it, but shortly after he died. A friend of his, Dr. Birdsong of Hazelhurst, took up the work, uncovered the masonry at another point, and from his account, and from the writings that Colonel Dupree left, it appears that this wall, built of stones 30 inches by 18 by 12, connects at one end with a big mound or hill that rises 400 feet above the surrounding country. The explanation given of the structure is that the hill was a place of refuge from floods of the Mississippi, and the wall a causeway leading to it, and along which the people of the submerged district might escape. The writer in the *Sun*, who dates his discourse from New Town, Ohio, quotes at length from Aztec and Mexican legends and traditions which seem to him to indicate that the causeway and hill are marks of the country from which the tribes emigrated who established in Mexico the empire of the Montezumas and built the strange ruined cities in Central America. He thinks that he has found reason to estimate the age of this causeway at about 4000 years.

PRINCETON advices brought to the WEEKLY by the *Princetonian* represents Mr. Laurence Hutton as on the threshold of a promising career as a lecturer. The *Princetonian* speaks of five lectures which he is to give this month in Princeton. Three of them, addressed to Seniors and graduate students of the college, are to treat of "The Literary Life." No one is better equipped than Mr. Hutton to go to the bottom of that subject and give all the information that belongs to it—how to get into the literary life, how to keep out of it; its hardships, drawbacks, perils, regrets, and disappointments, and also its emoluments, felicities, opportunities, and triumphs. He will tell about editors and their relations with authors, about publishers, writers, and critics, and doubtless about printers, and finally readers. Realizing how greatly to edification Mr. Hutton can discourse on all these matters, one hopes that his literary lectures will not always be confined to university audiences.

His other two lectures will certainly get out of college. The basis of them is the collection of death-masks which he gave to Princeton University a year or two ago. The masks have been photographed upon lantern slides, so that his talks about them will be illustrated, and after each mask will be shown pictures of places, scenes, and events connected with the life of the person under consideration. These lectures, says the *Princetonian*, Mr. Hutton will first deliver in Alexander Hall (Princeton), and later in various other places.

THERE is a fine confidence about President Harper of the University of Chicago. He takes to himself the advice, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." His university has now $3,000,000 in buildings and land and $6,000,000 in endowments. Nine millions more, he says, is urgently needed to make it what it should be. His Law School needs a million, his Technological Schools two millions, his Medical School three millions, his Library one million, but he says they can all wait. What he must have immediately is one million, which, when subscribed, will immediately detach a companion million from Mr. Rockefeller, and with these two millions the university can bump along till its other necessities are relieved.

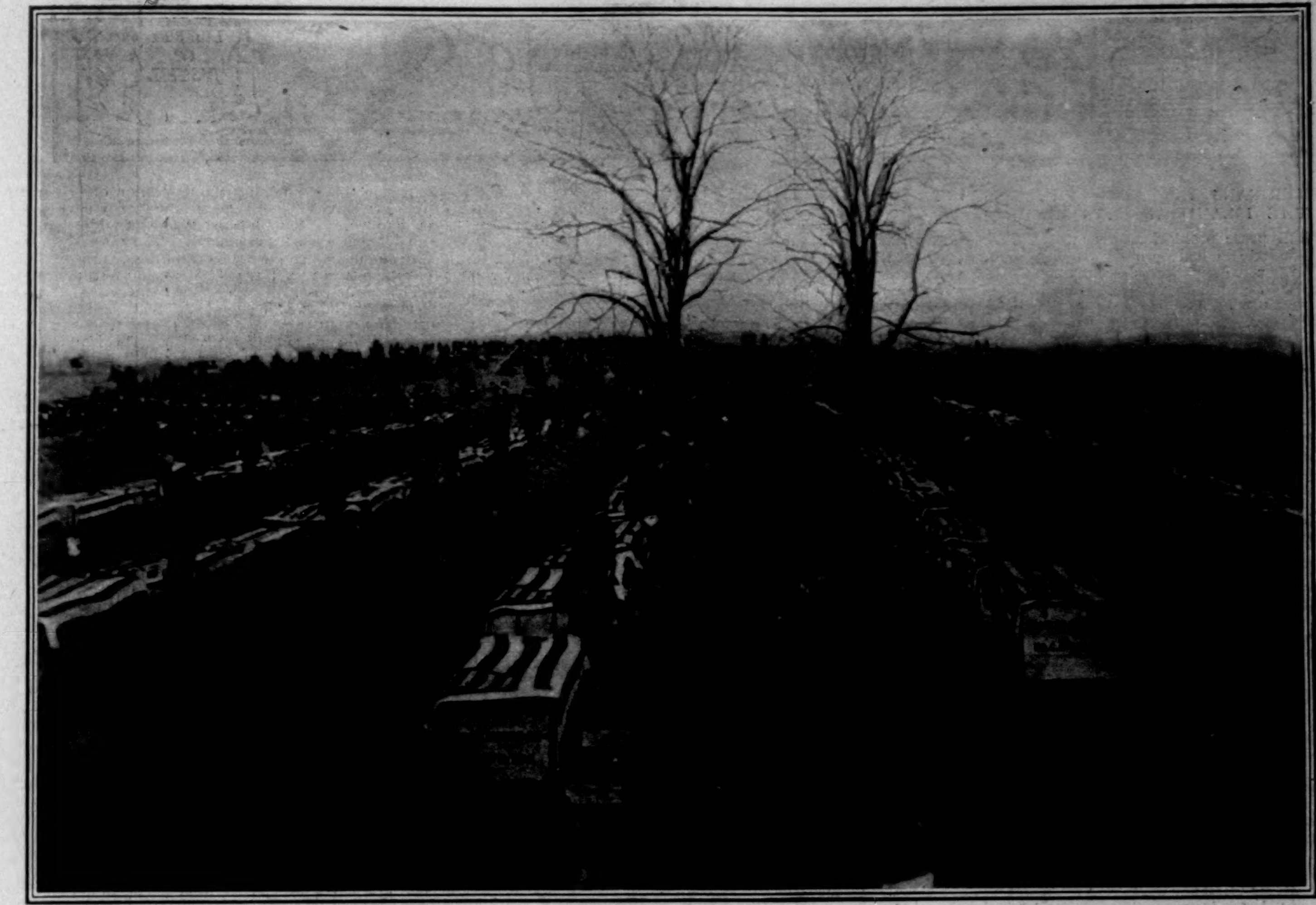
3

5

MANILA—WITH THE AMERICAN BATTLE-LINE, FEBRUARY 5 TO 10.

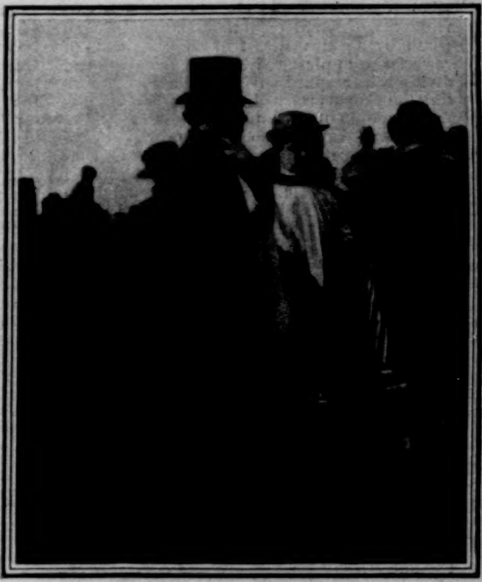
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

1. Two Krupp Guns captured by the Idaho Regiment where Major McConville was Killed. 2. Ruins of Paco Church, used as Insurgent Stronghold. 3. Filipinos coming across Fields with white Flag. 4. With the advanced Firing-line. 5. Bringing in Prisoners. 6. The Tennessee Regiment clearing out the Country between San Juan del Monte and the Pasig River. 7. One of Lieut. Webb's Guns (Utah Artillery) about to fire in the Advance on the Water-works.



THE LINES OF FLAG-DRAPED CASKETS, WITH A GUARD AT EACH GRAVE.

RETURNING HOME—SHOWING THE SPACE RESERVED FOR RELATIVES OF DECEASED SOLDIERS.



ARRIVAL OF FATHER McGEE,
Who read the Service for the Catholic Dead.

The Nation Buries its Sons

THE bodies of three hundred and thirty-six soldiers, who fell during the campaigns of 1898 in the West Indies, were consigned to their last resting-place in Arlingtoh Cemetery, near Washington, on April 6. Among the bodies were those of Captain Edgar Hubert, Eighth Infantry, Lieutenant L. I. Barnett, Ninth Volunteer Infantry, Lieutenant William Wood, Twelfth Infantry, Lieutenant R. S. Turman, Sixth Infantry, and Lieutenant Francis Creighton, of the Volunteer Signal Corps. About seventy per cent. of the others have been identified.

At the hour of noon the government departments and Federal courts were all closed, and flags everywhere half-masted. A gun was fired at intervals of half an hour at Fort Myer. At two o'clock in the afternoon—the hour set for the ceremonies—ten thousand citizens of the national capital had gathered at the site which had been selected for the interment—a point commanding a beautiful view of the Potomac; and the government and the nation at large were represented by President McKinley and members of the cabinet. General Miles and his staff, with many officers of the army and members of Congress. Military and naval attachés of foreign embassies and legations were also present. The band of the Fourth Artillery, playing the "Dead March," headed the military escort, which consisted of detachments of United States Artillery, Cavalry, and Marines, and the District of Columbia National Guard. The main body of this escort remaining at a short distance, a number of its members entered the enclosure, and one man stood at the head of each grave. Chaplain Freeland of Fort Monroe read the service of the Episcopal Church. Father McGee read the burial service of the Catholic Church in English. The soldiers standing beside each grave threw a handful of earth upon each casket at the words "dust to dust"; and the representative of the Catholic Church consecrated the graves of those who had been of his faith by sprinkling holy water. Volleys were fired, and when the bugler of the Fourth Artillery band sounded the mournful, thrilling "taps;" the President and his party and the military escort withdrew. The ceremonies were at an end. Mourners and workmen remained by the metallic caskets.

It is interesting to note that while these victims of the campaign for the liberation of Cuba were being laid in their last resting-place, flags at half-mast were to be seen in all the chief cities of the island.

THE PRESIDENTIAL STAND.

WASHINGTON—THE BURIAL OF 336 SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE CUBAN CAMPAIGN, IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON.

The RECONSTRUCTION *of* CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

LIBERTY
&
JUSTICE

IV.—AMERICANS IN CUBA—THE DESCENT UPON THE ISLAND AND ITS RESULTS

THE peace protocol between the United States and Spain had been signed only a few days when the American descent upon Cuba began. To use a military figure, the first of the Americans who hastened to the island were the scouts, or skirmishers, of a new force or army—that of commercial occupation. The main body of this force did not arrive in Havana until after the Spanish army had gone home. It was a motley mass. There was no coherency or order about this new army. It was a case of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Without being too literal in the application, it may be said that the devil not only took the hindmost, but a good many of the foremost of the arrivals. By the 1st of February Havana was filled with Americans, and there were a good many who wished they had not come.

It was interesting to study this secondary American army. Its members seemed to outnumber the real American army of occupation—the military. There were thousands of men who really had legitimate business on the island; there were hundreds who were mere adventurers in business, syndicate-chasers, franchise-grabbers, political contractors, and the like. Among the first arrivals after the activities of war had ceased were the newspaper correspondents. Their errand was of the highest rank. Next to them in importance were the men who had business interests in the island, vested rights, and other property of various kinds—men who took the first opportunity of reaching the place where their money was at stake. Some of them had been fugitives from the island, and some were Americans who had investments to be safeguarded. Then came the representatives of business houses, whose trade with the island had been interrupted by the war, and who desired to re-establish business connections. Then came emissaries from business men who had never had any dealings in Cuba, but who thought that the new conditions presented a legitimate opportunity for the extension of trade.

Soon there arrived the franchise-seekers, the contractors, the adventurers in business, willing to take hold of "any old thing" for the sake of selling out again; a few gamblers and crooks; men of limited means, hoping to get profitable jobs in the work of regenerating the place on American ideas; some office-seekers with more or less hazy "pulls" in Washington and elsewhere; tourists of all sorts; merchants of small capital intending to open retail shops; and, by no means least of all, the agents of American breweries, who plastered Havana from one end to the other with lithographed advertisements of American beer, giving the Cubans warped and exaggerated ideas of Americans as a nation of hard drinkers.

This second army of American occupation was always seen to the best advantage at night, in and around Central Park in Havana. Its members filled the cafés, crowded the sidewalks, patronized the cabs extensively, filled the theatres that were running, and caused a babel of voices in the centre of town, in which more English words than Spanish could be heard as one passed along. Most of these Americans had serious faces. Their money was being used up every day, and there was little certainty that any adequate return would result from their work. They saluted one another at night, and asked how they were getting on, and the commonest expression to be heard was,

"I think I'll go home next week."

A great many did go home after a few days' visit, but there were some who could not, as the Collector of Customs, Colonel Tasker H. Bliss, and the Director of Posts, Mr. E. G. Rathbone, can testify, for men descended upon them in swarms with applications for jobs; and the lot of the applicants was like unto that of the office-seeker who goes to Washington when an administration changes, and who jumps a board bill, or else takes to sweeping out some place for a livelihood.

The real men of power in this army, however, were seldom seen. They had little time for drinking in public places. They were fighting for position in the future, and they played a great game. This competition became so fierce over one business enterprise that there were resultant hints and finally open charges of corruption and bribery.

One of the storm centres of American commercial occupation of Cuba was to be found in the effort to secure control of the street-railway system of Havana. The struggle began long before the Spanish army left town, and it was characterized by moments of excitement, and at this writing it is by no means finished. A combination of an American and a European syndicate apparently has been successful in defeating half a dozen other syndicates in getting hold of this property and its supposed valuable opportunities, but the struggle has been transferred to the courts, where the agents of the deal have been indicted for bribery. It is not taking sides to express the hope that, for the sake of the good repute of American business methods, the charges that have been made may not prove to be true.

There were many reasons why the street-car system of Havana seemed to be an excellent field for investment. In the first place, the climate of the place is such that one can rarely walk more than a few blocks in comfort. In the second place, the trolley improvements in recent years have made street-car enterprises most profitable in any city of good size. The street-car system of Havana was antiquated, badly conducted, and yet it is said to have paid excellent dividends upon an investment capitalized at $1,500,000. Although there are said to be 6000 cabs in the city, which give expeditious service at very reasonable rates, it was seen that a modern trolley system running to the four leading suburbs of the town, and to the ferry to another suburb, would probably not only secure that increase in business which usually follows improvements in street-car service, but would lessen the number of cabs along the lines of the road in the city. This matter of control of the street-car lines of Havana, therefore, came to be regarded as probably the best business opportunity for American capitalists on the island of Cuba. There are four of these railroads in the city. They run to the suburbs known as Vedado, Principe, Cerro, and Jesus del Monte. They are all controlled by one company, known as the Urbano Company, and the entire length of all the systems is about twenty-five miles. The cars of the company are dirty and old. Each car is drawn at a snail's pace by three mules, except on the line to Vedado, where steam-dummies are the propelling power. There has always been stealing on the line by employés, and the usual corruption attendant upon the management of any enterprise, public or semi-public, by Spanish interests. The Spanish soldiers never pretended to pay fare on any of the lines, and on some of them it was the custom not to charge fare for persons who rode on the platform. The entire system was run down, with miserable rolling-stock and road-bed; and yet, with all these disadvantages, and with the corruption that found a lodging-place there, it managed to pay such dividends that the stock is said to have been quoted at par.

There were seven syndicates after the system. One is known popularly as the Harvey syndicate of New York, and that is the one which secured possession. Percival Farquhar, of New York, was the attorney who looked after the legal transfer of the property. There was an English syndicate, represented by McLean and Dickinson, one of whom was superintendent and general manager of the small railroad running from Havana to Marianao. Another syndicate was English and French in origin, and was known as the Ruffel and Todd syndicate, representing foreign banking interests. Still another syndicate was backed by the International Bank of Paris, whose interests were finally pooled with those of the Harvey syndicate, and which was represented in Havana by a lawyer named Castaneda, well known in Madrid and Cuba. Another was the Toronto syndicate, backed by Mr. McKenzie and the Bank of Toronto. Another was the Tom Johnson syndicate of New York and Ohio, represented by a man named R. Guzman; and still another was the American-Indes company, commonly known as the Widener-Elkins syndicate.

The stock of the company was held in such small lots that it was seen that it would be impossible for any one syndicate to get control by dealing directly with the stockholders. Operations had to be conducted with the board of directors and the officials as the point of attack. One of the syndicates obtained a minor concession, and began constructing branch lines in the hope of getting a foothold in the company's affairs. First one of the combinations and then another seemed to have the advantage in the fierce rivalry. The company that built the branch lines operated under what was known as the Plá concession. It was a legitimate enterprise, but under its franchise the company had the right to buy at cost figures any branch lines built under the concession, and so this flanking operation came to naught by the discovery of a clause in the charter which had been overlooked by many who had interests at stake. The rivalry reached such a stage finally that it seemed desirable for combinations among the competitors, and the syndicates represented by Mr. Farquhar and by Mr. Castaneda pooled their interests. Mr. Castaneda had succeeded in having a meeting of the stockholders called at which only one proposition could be considered. That was an authorization for the trustees to sell the railroad system to the interests he represented. The meeting was held on December 14, and lasted all the afternoon. It was an exciting time. Speeches of such intensity as only Cubans and Spaniards can deliver were made, and the tide surged back and forth. Finally the Castaneda side won, and the sale was authorized. The meeting, under some technical ruling, could not consider any other offer. It might reject the Castaneda proposition, but it could adopt no other. It showed the clever skirmishing that abounded in the fight.

Before the papers could be signed a serious complication arose. Mr. Castaneda was arrested one night—through the influence of rival syndicates, it is charged—and thrown in prison. The Spanish still occupied the main part of the city, and an order is said to have been secured to transport Mr. Castaneda to Spain on a steamer the next morning as a person whose presence was not conducive to the public welfare. Mr. Castaneda was placed incommunicado. He was missed, and an effort was made to get him out of jail, where he had been committed by the civil governor of Havana province. Señor Montoro, Minister of Finance, was aroused, and through his intercession the syndicate lawyer was released. He went straight to the American lines in the suburbs, and also gave a power of attorney in case of any similar trouble.

The control of the system thus passed into the hands of the combined syndicates; but it was charged that the directors were bribed to sell out at ninety-two cents on the dollar, when another company was willing to pay a premium of eight per cent. on the dollar for the same stock. Some stockholders got together and began operations to have the sale of the road set aside, and to prosecute the directors and agents criminally for bribery. It had the effect of tying up further operations. The men who were behind the prosecution in the courts declared that they had indisputable proof of bribery in the shape of documentary evidences. The managers of the Harvey syndicate declared as positively that there was no truth in the assertions, and said it was an attempt at blackmail by certain stockholders who thought they could make a few thousand dollars in that way. The difference between the price paid for the property and the price said to have been offered was $240,000.

The criminal charges came up before the Judge of the Cathedral, Mr. Ayllon, Marquis of Villalba, of whom *La Lucha*, the leading newspaper of Havana, spoke as enjoying "in this community the reputation of being one of the few judges whose honesty and energy have never been doubted." He, in his capacity as a grand jury, found an indictment against the officials. The case was taken before another judge for review, and the men behind the prosecution said they had good reason to fear that they would lose the case. In some way it was transferred to still another judge, and he decided that the indictment must stand and the case proceed. The final result is to be a matter of judicial determination. The Harvey syndicate has the title to the property, and it will probably be passed upon by judges installed in office under a reform of the judiciary by the Americans. Whichever side wins in this case, there will probably be the resultant satisfaction of knowing that it was decided upon its legal merits.

It was the intention of the Harvey syndicate to put the system in the best possible condition. About sixty cars are now in use, and it was intended to increase the number to one hundred at first, and to two hundred ultimately. The double overhead trolley system was decided upon for installation, inasmuch as the heavy rains in the summer made the underground trolley impracticable. It was planned to bring down Italian laborers from the United States, largely because there were no available manual laborers to be had in Cuba, and because Italian labor could be secured which would be familiar with that kind of work.

Among the other syndicates that were planning to operate in Havana was one seeking to control the gas-supply. It was said that the works were bonded to the extent of several times the price that the syndicate wished to pay, and at the time of my visit in February nothing had been done of a definite nature about the matter. There were other syndicates desiring to erect warehouses and piers, but the outlook was not favorable for the investments of large sums in such enterprises.

In Cienfuegos I ran across the agents of an American enterprise that planned to make money out of investments in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. The prospectus was flowery, and the agents were energetic. They told me that they had secured control of the telephone system in Cienfuegos, and that they hoped to get hold of some valuable concessions. The city was sorely in need of a modern water system, and the contract of installing and operating one was another of the enterprises they hoped to secure. They had also taken steps to install a water plant in Santa Clara, but the amendment to the Army bill, passed just before Congress adjourned, forbidding the United States authorities to grant concessions of this nature, has probably put a stop to the prosecution of these enterprises. I remember that in Santa Clara I met an American who was in consultation with a resident of that city. The other man held in his hand what appeared to be a piece of coal. He lighted a match and applied the flame to the black substance, and it gave out a series of sparks. I asked what it was, and was told that it was asphalt, and that the American had arrived there to secure an option on the deposit.

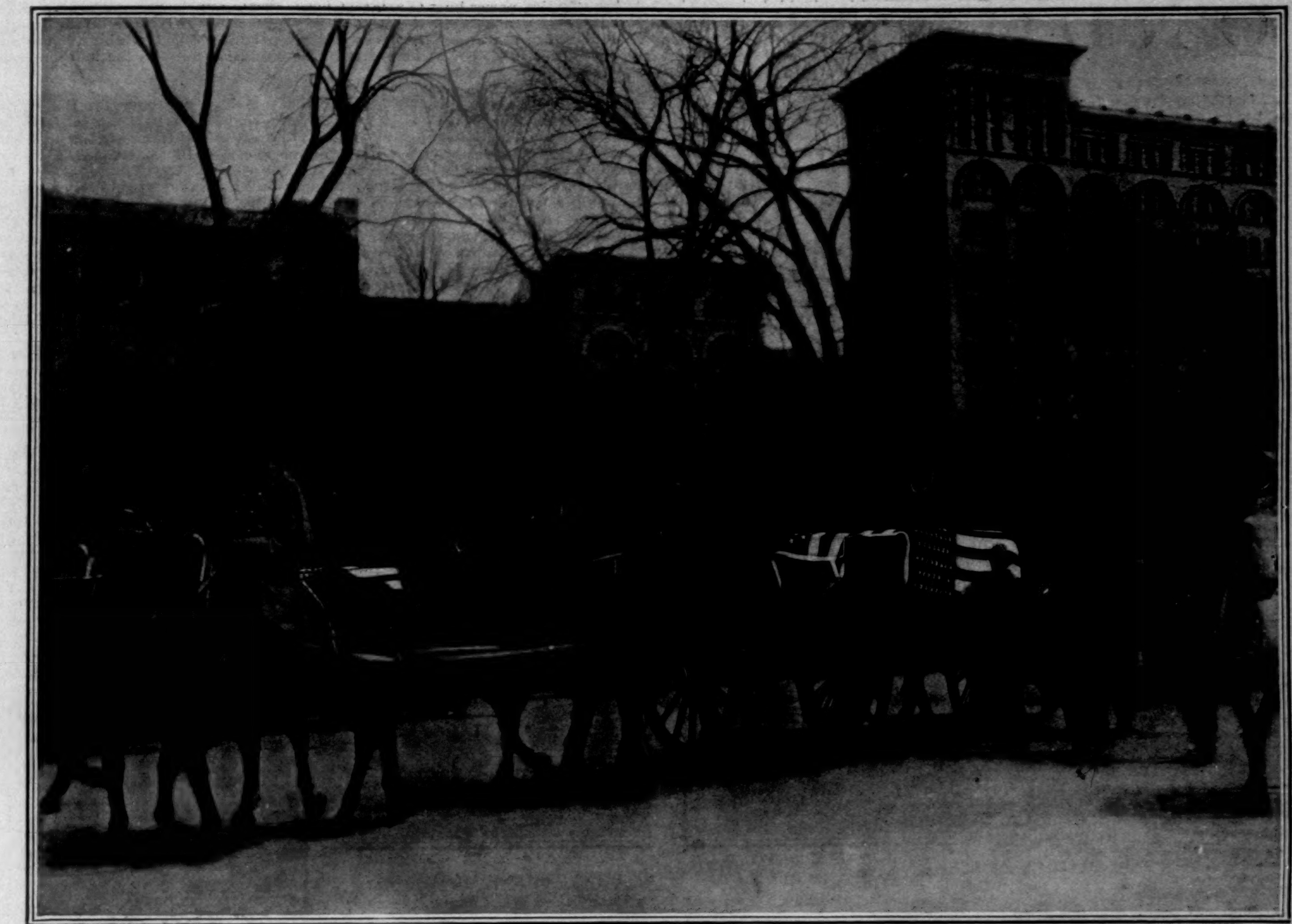
The clause in the Army bill to which I have referred reads:

> **And provided further, That no business franchises or concessions of any kind whatever shall be granted by the United States, or by any military or other authority whatever, in the island of Cuba during the occupation thereof by the United States.**

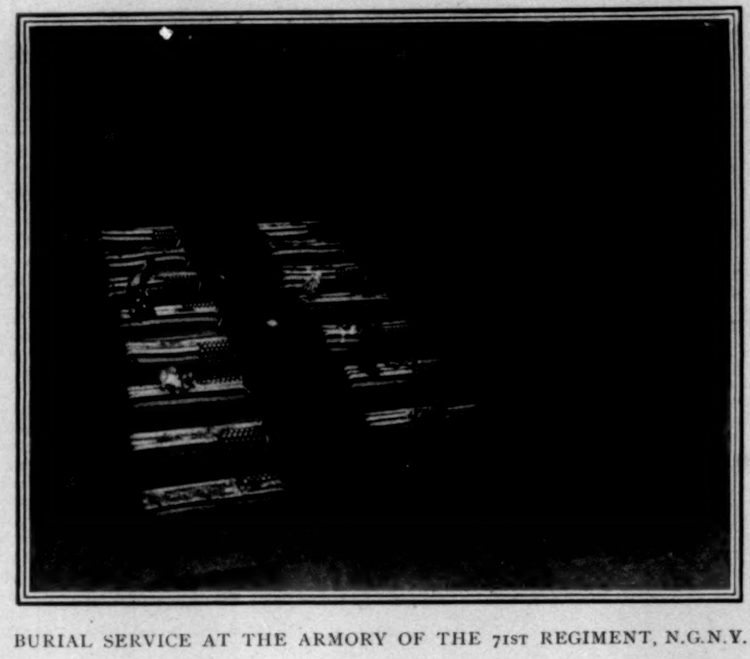
It is a constitutional question whether Congress has the right to hamper the executive power in its military operations in a foreign land by such a clause, but there can be no doubt that such a provision in the law in no way interferes with the right of purchase by Americans of property rights from owners. Even if the prohibition as to franchises and concessions were to be construed literally, it probably could not be made to apply to the furthering of plans to improve the health conditions of the cities. It is altogether likely that General Ludlow, for example, could put in sewers and lay pavements if there were immediate necessity for them, disregarding any contracts that may be in existence and also the language of the war bill, on the ground of urgent military necessity. This clause in the law will probably not militate to the disadvantage of Cuba. Necessary work will probably go right along, and where it is desirable to hold off for a while the military authorities may take refuge behind the language of the bill as an excuse for delay.

There can be no doubt that the clause in the Army bill will be respected in spirit by the President and military authorities, and that fact undoubtedly gave a chill to many of the Americans who were as busy as bees trying to secure options of various kinds for future sale. Some of these options were described to me as "options on air," but there was no doubt that a lot of men were chasing around after them. Street-paving contractors were thick. "There's going to be a lot of that kind of work," one of them told me, "and I guess we can get the contracts in such a tangle that we shall all get a bite of the cherry."

Many men in Havana looking for business openings seemed to be inspired by over-zealousness. I remember one man who was always on the jump, and who was continually working over a lot of figures whenever he sat down. I was told that he was from Michigan, and that he wanted to introduce Grand Rapids furniture in the island. Any one who studies the ways of the Cuban people, and observes how devoted they are to the four rocking-chairs that face four other rocking-chairs across a rug in the parlor of every home, will see what a difficult task that American agent will have. The Cubans get mahogany for their furniture, and the pieces are of a most solid and substantial nature. There is no such thing as plush or velvet in common use on furniture, and the American agent was somewhat discouraged toward the end of his stay. There were climatic influences of a forbidding nature against the introduction of ordinary American furniture.



NEW YORK CITY—THE DEAD OF THE 71ST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS ON THEIR WAY FROM WALL ST. FERRY TO THE ARMORY.
Those who Died in the Cuban Campaign were brought North on the Transport *Crook* for Interment in American soil.



BURIAL SERVICE AT THE ARMORY OF THE 71ST REGIMENT, N.G.N.Y.

I remember meeting two men in Pinar del Rio who were looking for good grazing-land, so as to go into the cattle business. They took mules and went over the mountain range to the north. A few days later I ran across one of them in Matanzas province. The Pinar del Rio hunt had been without profit, but, to his amazement, he found beautiful grass much closer to Havana, and in such quantities that hundreds of thousands of cattle could be fed there. Then there were the man looking for chances to grow fruits; the man who had agricultural machinery to sell; the man who had come from Louisiana to restore the sugar-mills that had been destroyed in the war; the man who wanted to buy or to sell lumber, as the case might be; and lots of other men on practical or impracticable errands.

There were two discouraging features, however, for most of those who were in earnest in seeking investments. The Cubans were holding property and other purchasable things at rates that were too high, and the unsettled conditions as to the future government of the island made investors wary. For these reasons I could not learn that there were many new enterprises which the Americans had taken hold of, and it was altogether likely that what new business they had engaged in was simply the buying and selling that grew from the ordinary law of supply and demand in commerce. The Cubans are extremely keen and clever bargainers. They expected a horde of American capitalists as soon as the war was over, and they were prepared for them. Real estate, especially tobacco-producing tracts, went up to double the prices that were quoted before the war; and so, with the clause in the Army bill, the high prices for everything of real value, and the unsettled problem of the future of the country, hundreds and probably thousands of Americans who went to the island in the hope of securing such riches as generally come with the upbuilding of a country made desolate by war, went home disappointed and discouraged.

There was one kind of American visitor to the island, however, concerning the beneficial effects of whose mission there can be no doubt. He was the practical missionary, who not only held religious exercises, but established schools. I met one of these men in Santa Clara. He was a Rev. Dr. Powell, secretary of a college in Tennessee, and he had been sent to Cuba on what might be called a scouting trip for the Southern Baptist Missionary Society. He had formerly been a missionary in Mexico, and he spoke Spanish fluently. Before the Spanish forces evacuated Santa Clara there were twenty-two priests in the city. After they had gone only two priests remained. The people were practically without religious instruction, and the children were clamoring for schools and school-books. In three days Dr. Powell had congregations of from six hundred to eight hundred at his preaching services. The people were actually turned away. But what impressed me more was to see the children flocking to his hotel to be enrolled in the school he arranged to open. They came singly and in twos and threes, and frequently the mothers came along, and, with tears in their eyes, thanked the missionary for opening a school. Dr. Powell was not the only man in Cuba on such a mission, and it is pleasant to record that invariably their efforts to establish schools were meeting with success.

Diary of the Revolt

Friday, March 31.—General MacArthur captured Malolos at 10.15 A. M. The Filipinos before abandoning the capital (as mentioned in last week's diary) set fire to a portion of the city. Only a slight resistance was offered. Our casualties were one killed and thirty-two wounded.

Saturday, April 1.—From Manila, General Otis cabled: "Quiet prevails. Have directed troops at Malolos and on railroad on reconnoitring duty. Find insurgents only in small bodies in the surrounding country, who retire on the approach of our troops. A few of our troops moving to a new position. Preparations for a continued active campaign. Army in excellent spirits." MacArthur made a reconnaissance towards Calumpit, a town on the railway five miles northwest of Malolos.

Dagupan, the northern terminus of the Manila-Dagupan railway, was shelled by the *Charleston*.

Monday, April 3.—A cheerful message from the commanding general: "Present indications denote insurgent government in perilous condition: its army defeated, discouraged, and scattered. Insurgents are returning to their homes in cities and villages between Manila and points north of Malolos which our reconnoitring parties have reached, and desire the protection of Americans. News from Visayan Islands more encouraging every day." Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis sailed for San Francisco. The command of his brigade was assumed by General Wheaton. One thousand Filipinos, intrenched at Quingen, three and one-half miles northeast of Malolos, engaged a reconnoitring party of cavalry.

Receipts from customs and other sources in the Philippine Islands since the United States assumed control (August 13, 1898): To December 31, $1,819,813 25; in January, February, and March, 1899, so far as reported, (including receipts at Manila, Ilo Ilo, and Cebu), $1,168,666 80.

Tuesday, April 4.—A reconnaissance in force was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, commanding the Montana regiment, with two guns and a detachment of cavalry. Near Calumpit about one thousand Filipinos were engaged and dispersed. Our casualties were one killed and four wounded.

The United States Philippine Commission issued a proclamation which suggested the "elevation and advancement" of the Philippine people "to a position among the most civilized peoples of the world," through their acceptance of social principles which have been tested and approved in temperate regions of the Western Hemisphere. The commissioners, after protesting that the "pure aims and purposes of the American government and people have been misinterpreted," and "the friendly American forces have, without provocation or cause, been openly attacked," gave a conspectus of the Administration's intentions.

Wednesday, April 5.—Our casualties in the Philippines between February 4 and April 4, inclusive, as reported to the Adjutant-General at Washington: Killed, 184; wounded, 976.

Marrion Wilcox.

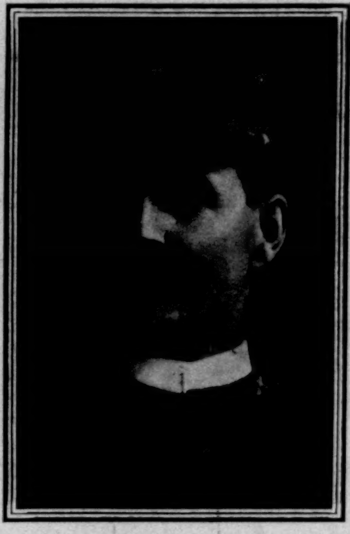
LONDON

March 25, 1899.

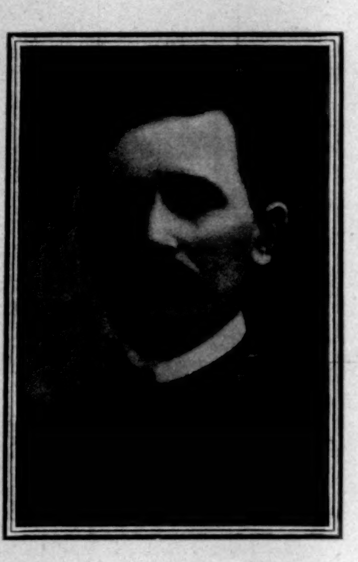
IT is a fact of good omen for peace that an arrangement with Russia is likely to supplement the recently completed arrangement with France. Public interest in the Peace Conference about to meet at The Hague has received a new stimulus. England is the only country that has, so far, announced its readiness to modify its naval estimates if other powers will do the same. England is the rival and France the friend of Russia, but it is the rival, not the friend, who has met the Tsar's proposals with an assurance of practical support. The French naval estimates for the current year bustle with signs of hostility to this country, and great sacrifices are invited from the French tax-payers not only to defend the coasts of France, but to secure respect for her "in every sea" by a powerful fleet, and to be "prepared for a naval conflict" in the interests of her colonies; also to insure for her "superiority over her rivals." In Russia the Tsar's rescript was followed by a great increase in naval expenditure and aggressive action in the Far East. The British people take note of these things, and while they earnestly support Mr. Goschen's intimation that England is willing to reduce naval expenditure if other powers will do so in the same proportion, they are fully aware that it would be imprudent to go farther.

LIEUT. JOHN C. GREGG, U. S. A.,
4th Infantry. Malolos, March 31.
Photograph by H. S. Stevenson.

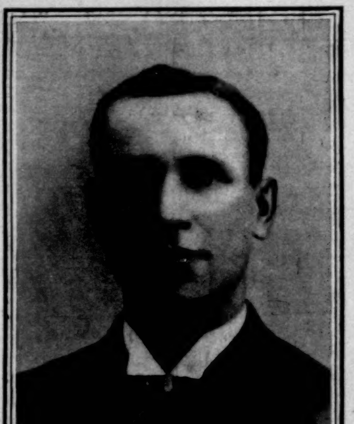
CAPT. DAVID S. ELLIOTT,
10th Kansas Vols. Caloocan, February 28.



LIEUT. FRANK H. ADAMS,
1st South Dakota Vols. Marilao, March 27.



CAPT. GEORGE H. FORTSAN,
1st Washington Vols. Polo, March 26.



LIEUT. SIDNEY E. MORRISON,
1st South Dakota Vols. Marilao, March 27.

LIEUT. JONAS H. LIEN,
1st South Dakota Vols. Marilao, March 26.

OFFICERS KILLED IN THE ADVANCE ON MALOLOS.

THE project of The Hague Peace Convention, in spite of the notoriety-hunters, is beginning to be regarded here as a historical event of great promise. Well-informed people deplore that the power of the Tsar in his own country, instead of being unlimited, is really confined to a theoretical autocracy. His Majesty's convictions in regard to the peace question are indubitably sincere, and even passionate, but they are not shared by the ring of powerful officials who wield the forces of Russian autocracy without public responsibility for their acts, and who are his Majesty's masters. Surrounded by a zereba of detail, which prevents him from approaching the larger questions of government, the present Tsar is neither more nor less than a passive instrument in the hands of the real rulers of Russia—the chief tchinovniks. Nothing is more amusing to educated Russians than the attempt of certain people in this country, who advertise themselves as the "friends of peace," to represent the Tsar as a Cæsar exercising dominion and influence over imperial Russian policy. The Tsaritsa is an able and most charming and enlightened lady. Much was expected of her; but hitherto the forces against her, and the traditional jealousy of German influence prevalent in Russian court circles, have prevented the Empress from acquiring or from exercising direct influence over public affairs. Hence it arises that while the voice of Russia is the voice of Nicholas II., her acts are the acts of Peter the Terrible.

THE ruin of the Finnish constitution, and the denial of rights secured to Finland on the sacred word of successive Tsars, are probably as repugnant to the Emperor as to the Finns. It is quite certain that the attack on the Finnish rights is not attributable to the Tsar's action. There is equally good ground for believing that the treatment of the Jews in the provinces of the Pale, whose miseries have been justly characterized by Mr. Lecky as "that most hideous story of our century," is beyond the power of the Tsar to alter. This treatment is described by such English Liberals as the Marquis of Ripon as "conduct calculated to incite universal condemnation in all civilized nations," and by Sir William Harcourt as "not only a social crime, but a political blunder." Famine is again decimating the population of whole provinces. Money required to save life at home is lavished on armaments and war-ships. The peace question to be considered at The Hague in May therefore stands thus: Russia invites the nations to arrest their armaments and to refer their disputes to arbitrators, while she herself proceeds, with redoubled vigor, to increase her offensive power by sea and land, and to emphasize her aggressive policy. England, which has more to lose by war than any other power, is not so foolish as to entertain schemes of disarmament because an emperor, nearly impotent in his own country, delivers to the nations an evangel which he cannot persuade his own ministers to adopt. France, staggering under a load of debt which may at any time bring about a crisis, after the receipt of the Tsar's manifesto embarks on a naval programme, directed specifically against England, which will demand the whole financial power of the country. The United States require for mere police purposes and in view of their new responsibilities in Asia a larger navy and army than they now possess. Germany is unlikely to disarm while Franco-Russian energies are feverishly concentrated on the production of more guns, deadlier explosives, and swifter and more numerous war-ships.

IF the Tsar were an effective political force in his own country, the reduction of the Russian fleet would have been a necessary preliminary to the promulgation of his rescript, but he has not power to remedy the wrongs or relieve the distress of his own people, or even to listen to them. Were he to do so, they would tell him, and tell him truly, of widespread misery, chronic famine, scattered homes, husbands parted from wives, children from parents, of the old hopeless, and the young old before their time, hungry and sombre. They would tell him of starved hospitals and schools stunted by peculation and official hatred of the light of education; of the intercepting of letters, espionage, the changing of telegrams, and the denial of civil rights to those who, like the Doukhobortsi, are sincere in love of peace; and, above all, the Emperor would hear of the decay and deterioration of six millions of his Jewish subjects, due to the conditions in which his government forces them to exist.

IF the majority of the English people have seemed indifferent to the peace crusade, it is not that they prefer football to peace, but that the depths of the national heart are not stirred by a soothing form of Russian words which are contradicted by the menacing deeds both of Russia and her ally. The peace enthusiasts are girding at the wrong people, and it is little wonder that their crusade has melted away. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the young Tsar has undoubtedly made the world think; and perhaps the present rulers of Russia and France may be succeeded by men who love peace sufficiently to ensue it. Until that happy moment arrives, however, Mr. Goschen's offer to reduce the British naval estimates is likely to remain the only practical contribution towards the acceptance of the Tsar's proposals. It is interesting to note that, in addition to a great expenditure for powder, the cost of new guns for British defence during the last two years amounts to $9,931,550. Probably no guns that were ever built exercised a more pacific influence than those.

THE open hostility to England shown by the French Minister of Marine in introducing the naval estimates has considerably diminished the interest that would be otherwise felt in the arrangement now completed between France and England as to the delimitation of the Nile region and the settlement of the respective spheres of influence belonging to France and England respectively in the eastern and western Sudan. When the Queen left for the Continent, the other day, a significant departure was made from the hitherto traditional custom of convoying her Majesty across the Channel with war-ships of the cruiser class. The Queen's vessel, on this latest occasion, was accompanied not by cruisers, but by torpedo-boat-destroyers, a class of vessel to which the patrol and defence of the English Channel is now principally confided. The appearance of a squadron of these new twenty-eight-knot vessels off a French harbor was a practical hint that the submarine vessels, upon which the French naval experts rely for the destruction of British battle-ships, will encounter obstacles in the fulfilment of their mission of destroying the British navy which seem to have been ignored by M. Lockroy and his advisers. I learn from Newcastle-on-Tyne that the turbine engines for H. M. S. *Viper*, which is the torpedo-boat-destroyer in course of construction for the British Admiralty, are progressing satisfactorily. This vessel will be ready for her trials in the summer. The turbine engines which are being constructed for another destroyer are also well advanced, and the trials of this vessel are expected to take place in the course of a few weeks. The speed of these vessels is expected to reach forty miles an hour.

LORD HERSCHELL'S funeral service, held in Westminster Abbey, was impressive, and during the hush that preceded the service one was reminded of that essay of Addison's on the illustrious dead buried in the Abbey, where he describes the vanity of human thoughts and deeds and ambitions, and the irresistible fate which is destined to blend opposing statesmen and rival wits in a common grave. The principal feature in the musical service was the Equale of Beethoven rendered by four trombones, as at Mr. Gladstone's funeral. As the remains of Lord Herschell slowly passed up the nave on the bearers' shoulders the stone features of Disraeli, illuminated by a sudden shaft of light, seemed to watch with interest the coffin of one who, like himself, had held high office in the state to which his ancestors were strangers. The graceful and generous offer of the American government to send home Lord Herschell's remains in an American man-of-war is so much appreciated that it is a pity that the real reason for the refusal of the offer has not been made known. It is a fact, I believe, that the Queen had already proposed to the late Lord Herschell's family that his remains should be brought across the Atlantic in a British cruiser, and the proposal having been actually accepted, and arrangements made for H.M.S. *Talbot*, it was difficult, if not impossible, to upset the plan.

ARNOLD WHITE.

Life's Repetend

DO ye forget the blossom-time?
Or tint for tint, as rhime for rhyme,
Would ye, O leaves, supply;
To prove, as echo to the ear,
That Near is Far, and Far is Near,
In circling home to die?

JOHN B. TABB.

HUNTING BIG GAME. *By E. O. Stanard, Jr.*

ELK, BEAR, AND SHEEP

WITH four friends I had spent the last two weeks in August on a ranch near the Green River in Wyoming. We were all eager to get into camp by the first of September, when the law would permit us to shoot any game we could find, excepting buffalo—an animal we were as likely to encounter in Wyoming as caribou. Nor had any of us the slightest desire to kill a buffalo, feeling for him only the profoundest sympathy.

There is a bunch of some twenty-five buffalo in Yellowstone Park, but they seldom wander south of its boundaries, and are so tame that, should you find one, it would be as easy to kill as a domestic cow. I have heard of one or two men shooting stray buffalo near the edge of the Park, and they ought to have been hanged for it. We were to hunt in the Saw Tooth Mountain range south of Jacksons Hole.

A WOUNDED ANTELOPE.

What we all wanted especially were elk, bear, and mountain-sheep. The last we had little hope of getting, as they were said to be very scarce, and very difficult of approach, owing to the extremely difficult nature of the country they frequent.

Mountain-sheep are only found in the most rugged mountain heights. They flourish on the sides of precipices and barren rocky peaks. Their capacity for climbing is unlimited. One would imagine that, with such a slim growth of vegetation as appears in their haunts, they would have to travel many miles in a day to pick up sufficient food; and this may account for their wonderful strength and endurance. They are said to come down at times from their aerial heights in quest of food and water, though this is unusual. They seem well able to live on the tufts of grass scattered through the rocks, while the melting snows furnish them an abundance of water. In winter they paw away the snow for grass and roots, eking out a precarious existence until spring. They are then very easy to kill, being weak and exhausted through insufficient nourishment during the long, rigorous winter.

Starting into the woods in September, all the game we hoped to get had the fairest kind of a chance, being in prime physical condition, and therefore active and alert.

In two parties, of three and two respectively, we set out together one bright morning from the ranch, with horses packed for a two weeks' camping trip. Our plan was to travel together for several hours, then to separate and diverge, so that both parties might not be hunting in the same locality.

We let the three younger members of our company go in one party, while my friend Louis Hall and myself cast our hunting fortunes together for the fourth consecutive season. We had nothing new to discover in each other. The virtues and faults of each were well known to the other—a blessed knowledge on starting upon a camping trip.

We never hunted together, each having his own guide, and starting out in a different direction on leaving camp in the morning. Our difficulty in hunting together was that we were too polite to each other. My friend always wanted me to take the shot, and I naturally grew tired of doing so. "Après vous" was carried to such an extent that the game trotted off uninjured, while we reviled each other for exaggerated and effeminate politeness. So we had to hunt apart—to get game and to prevent quarrelling.

It was glorious to be again in the woods, mounted on an old hunting-horse at the end of a pack-train. We were making only a one day's journey, and that was easy enough; we were free from any care or responsibility, in the highest of spirits, and fairly bursting with the keen joy of being in this wild country, so full of natural beauty.

About five o'clock our guides decided that we had arrived at a suitable place for making camp, and though we had thoroughly enjoyed the day, we were not unwilling to dismount and rest. Our tired pack-animals were soon relieved of their burdens, hobbled, and chased out of camp—or where camp was to be. How they enjoyed rolling, after the heat and fatigue of the long journey!

Picking out level places, our tents were soon put up, our beds thrown into them, and wood quickly gathered for the camp fire. Then supper was cooked, and eaten with avidity. How good fried antelope, beans, and coffee tasted—how wonderfully good! At half past eight we rolled into our blankets and slept like babes.

The following morning was quite threatening, but this did not frighten us, and after a hearty breakfast we saddled up and set out for the day's hunt.

There is a superstition about the first day's hunting. It is supposed to be the hunter's luckiest time. It had worked with us the year before, and why not again? We were in practically the same country—at least within a hundred miles of it—where, just twelve months before, we had each killed a six-point elk.

History might have repeated itself had not the weather gone wrong. Early in the afternoon it began to rain fiercely, and a new slicker was found to be a great comfort. My guide had a little summer coat tied behind his saddle, and this he put on over his cotton shirt.

"Where's your slicker, Milt?" I asked, as the drenching rain was fast soaking him.

"Oh," he replied, "I didn't bring it along. We are only to be out two weeks, and I can't get very wet in two weeks."

I asked him if he had any change of clothing in camp, well knowing the shiftlessness of this class of men. He said he had not, and that if he had he wouldn't need it. He contended that it was very bad to take off wet clothes, until they had dried "on you," and then, of course, it would not be necessary, as they would be no longer wet. He said that if he took off those clothes while he was wet he was sure to have the "shakes, or something," even though he immediately jumped into dry things. Well, his theory worked with himself all right, for after making a small bluff that evening at drying himself before the camp fire, he climbed into his rag-bag of a bed just as he was, and in the morning said he never felt better in his life.

My companion's first day was just as profitless and wet as mine. However, it was more eventful. Soon after reaching camp his guide called us out of our tent and pointed out a light-colored object moving far up on the steep and barren mountain-side. With field-glasses we clearly distinguished a large mountain-sheep. My friend was most eager to go after him, and as eager for me to go also; but I declined, as it was wet and sloppy, and climbing was my weak point at best.

I watched them climbing for about half an hour, when they disappeared from view. I listened breathlessly for a shot, but heard none. Milt and I had just finished supper when the weary sheep-hunters stumbled into camp. Their tale was brief and pathetic. The sheep had kept travelling; they followed him until dark, when, very reluctantly, they had to give up the chase and return to camp—disappointed, tired, bedraggled, and hungry; the very frequent condition of the gentleman sportsman out for rest and recreation. But how soon these unpleasant experiences are forgotten, or are remembered only to be laughed over!

The following morning the rain had turned to sleet, and it was windy and cold—a nasty day. We could not deny that on such a day we were indeed "tenderfeet." Our breakfast was served to us "in bed," our Sibley stove lighted, and paper novels produced. We decided there would be other days to hunt, and that any animal out a day like this had trouble enough. This was at eight o'clock.

It was just nine when Milton, my guide, poked his head into our tent and asked for my field-glasses.

"What do you see?" we both shouted when he had gotten outside.

"Only a big sheep ram," he calmly replied.

Up we bounded, pulled on our clothes, and with boots unlaced we emerged from the tent.

We were told to look high up on the side of the mountain, almost on a line with the ridge-pole of our tent. Yes, we saw something move, and with the aid of the glasses clearly distinguished a sheep, even making out his big broad horns.

My friend insisted that it was my turn to hunt sheep; that my guide had discovered the game, and that I alone should go after it. After some discussion, it was decided that both of us should go.

THE BLACK BEAR, AS HE FELL.

Our plan was to approach the sheep from opposite directions, and whoever encountered him first was to shoot to kill.

We said nothing about the chances of shooting one another, there being no time for such irrelevant considerations. We were both shooting thirty-calibre smokeless rifles, advertised to "kill at a mile."

As I looked up at that precipice my heart sank. Not being myself very strong, the odds seemed to favor the other fellow. I wanted that sheep, not feeling at this crucial moment the least bit altruistic.

Our four horses were caught and saddled, and we set out, each with his guide—making a fair start. Our courses from camp were due east and west. We were to ride as far and high as possible, and walk only when it became absolutely necessary. My guide was quite as keen about my winning the race as I myself, and set a pace accordingly. He confided his opinion that our side had the better of it, as we could ride nearer the game from our direction. He also was most encouraging in his assurance that the ram would wait for us, explaining that sheep did not move about much in bad weather, and that it was also about time for their mid-day nap.

Shortly after leaving camp our horses began to climb. It was very bad going, being extremely rough and very slippery. We had to travel over a long stretch of loose shale, the horses struggling and straining to make headway. But we were getting up, and could now look down at our camp, a thousand feet below us. We had not been in sight of the sheep since starting, so we calculated on his being so far undisturbed.

At last our plucky broncos could go no further. Huge jagged bowlders disputed the way. It was only sprinkling now, though the mountain was enveloped in a heavy fog or cloud. This was most fortunate for us, as the sheep would be unable to see us until we came very close to him.

LIVE MOUNTAIN-LION, WITH FRONT PAW IN TRAP.

Leaving our horses, we now set out afoot across the rocks. After a half-hour's hard climbing I was glad to be informed that we were now a little higher than the sheep, and only had to walk across the rock-pile half a mile to a clump of bushes, immediately beyond which we hoped to find the sheep.

It was warm work. First my slicker coat and slicker pants were shed—for it had practically stopped raining—then reefer coat, sweater, and waistcoat. All these articles of apparel were strewn along the side of the mountain, to be picked up on our return. Milt assisted me greatly, carrying my gun, and even pulling me along in bad places by means of a strap.

Our progress was slow and laborious, now climbing over large bowlders, now sliding and slipping over the loose rock, until I was weary and sore. Every little while I had to sit down to get my breath. But nearer we were getting; only three hundred yards now to the little spur of scrub pine or bushes. (I wasn't then closely inspecting the flora.) At this point we hoped to encounter the ram.

As I sat there panting, I wondered if it could be possible that the foolish animal had waited there all this time. I also wondered where Hall and his guide were at that moment.

After a short rest I staggered on, imbued with a new energy. This last effort brought me to the desired cover. I cautiously peered through an opening, and there, so help me! was a big ram, serenely browsing, not fifty yards away, and almost facing me. Snatching my gun, and hastily throwing a cartridge into the chamber, I held my breath to steady me, and fired for his shoulder. All the gods were with me, for the sheep walked off a few steps and lay down. And *just then* Hall and his guide appeared. They had lost the race by half a minute.

As they approached, the sheep rose to his feet and was staggering off, when I shouted to Hall to finish him, at the same time giving my gun to my guide. I was dead beaten and out of breath. The sheep was mortally wounded, but might manage to crawl away unless again shot. I was unable to go any farther until I had rested.

My guide quickly caught up with the sheep, and despatched him with a bullet through the heart. Hall did some shooting also, but said he missed. I didn't stop but a moment, as I was in a perspiration, and most of my clothes were back on the rocks. The day was cold, and I felt it necessary to keep moving. The guides said they would bring down the head, hide, and meat, and collect the horses. So I proceeded to make a bee-line for camp.

I fell down most of the way, and slid for yards at a time, scratching and bruising myself generously. Having gotten half-way down, I could not possibly get back, nor move to right nor left, so had to continue down. It was terribly steep, and the footing most treacherous. There were shelves of solid rock I would find myself on, and once or twice it seemed as if I should have to stay perched right where I was. Then I would either hang on to a bush and let myself down, or make use of niches in the rock—a very ticklish performance. A final drop, and I landed with a thud in the loose rock at the foot of the mountain. A short scramble brought me to good solid turf, and in a short time I was in camp.

It was then a little after two o'clock. Hall rode into camp half an hour later, and the guides with the sheep—head, hide, feet, and meat—appeared about three o'clock, having collected my scattered belongings left among the rocks, and rescued the poor patient horses, that had been standing at an angle of forty-five degrees for the last three hours.

How the men managed to carry the sheep head and meat to where the horses were is a marvel to me. It must have been hard work. My fellow-hunter had had a long hard climb, but was little the worse for it. I staid in bed the rest of the day, and loafed about the camp the day following, suffering no ill results from my hard climb.

Our "mountain mutton" we hung for several days, expecting then to enjoy the tender, juicy meat—a luxury well worth waiting for. But, alas! we were doomed to disappointment, for so tough did the meat remain that at the end of a week we gave it up as hopeless, and used it for bear-bait. We decided that an old ram, whether in the wild or domestic state, was an equally tough proposition.

The sheep head posed for numerous pictures, and was then turned over to Hardesty, who deftly removed the "hood," as he termed the scalp—and a splendid hood it was. We then spent much time in taking measurements. The horns at the base measured nearly sixteen inches, and were thirty-four inches long. Yes, I was firm in the belief that the game had been worth the candle.

With the sheep meat and the lean fore quarters of an antelope buck for baits, we set our two bear-traps in likely places where considerable bear sign had been found. We selected sites some five miles apart—one in the heavy timber, the other not far from a stream.

After waiting several days, we set out one morning to "check up" our traps. The first one had not been visited, but the other was gone. Here was real sport indeed!

We were sure a bear had gone off with the trap, as we could plainly see where the heavy clog, or piece of movable timber which is attached to the trap, had been dragged through the high grass.

We had to go only three hundred yards, when we came upon our game near the creek, almost hidden in the willows and bushes. But we immediately discovered it was not a bear, but a large mountain-lion.

At sight of us he made a great effort to get away, but his clog was very heavy, and much impeded by the willows and underbrush. Besides, he must have been very weary dragging this weight so far by his imprisoned front paw.

So, after several unsuccessful attempts to free himself, he settled down sullenly, growling at us, and nervously twitching his long tail from side to side. He looked very fierce, but as he made no attempt to come at us, and even tried to shrink away when we approached him nearer, I gradually grew braver and planted my camera tripod twenty feet from the recumbent feline. Incidentally, the guide all this time had him covered with my gun, so I was not in much danger.

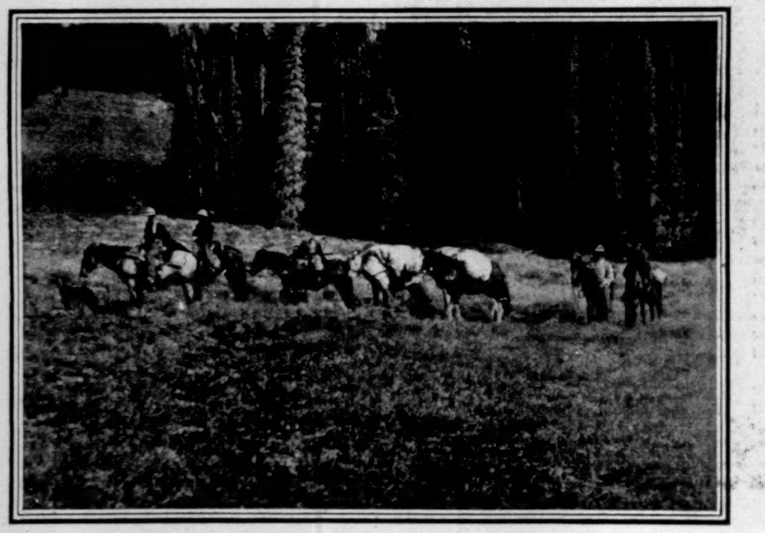
He posed very nicely, and I got several good pictures. Then, picking out the spot where his heart ought to be, I reluctantly shot the beautiful beast, and instantly he fell dead. It was a mean advantage to take of him, but as this was the only way to release him from the cruel trap, I suppose it was an act of mercy.

My guide assured me there were other lions prowling around, as the bait was strewn about and the ground near by tracked up considerably. So turning quickly heartless, we again set the trap, packed the dead lion on a horse, and returned to camp.

The next morning we set off for the site of the trap, and again it was gone. This was growing more exciting. We followed the broad channel made by the clog, and came upon the second lion, in almost the same spot where the first had been encountered.

This time my companion, Hall, did the shooting. We were greatly delighted to have secured a lion apiece. Our guides told us it was very unusual to catch mountain-lions in traps, but this was proving altogether an unusual trip. We were beginning to think we were leading a charmed life.

MY SIX-POINT BULL ELK.



OUR PACK-TRAIN IN THE WOODS.

We had now been in camp five days, and had seen almost no game. The first day out a small bunch of spike bull elk had been encountered, but, not then needing meat, we had passed them by unmolested. Just before leaving the lower country I had shot an antelope, and had fortunately thrown one of the hams into a pannier just before starting on our pack trip. It proved a wise precaution. I was now regretting having given the rest of the meat to a travelling ranchman. We were out of meat and out of patience.

When one has driven a hundred and fifty miles from the railroad and then ridden two days behind a pack-train, he feels that he really deserves at least to see a good deal of game. He has endured many discomforts to get to these famed hunting-grounds, sustained by the assurance that when he once gets there the rare sport furnished will soon compensate for the inconveniences of his long, tedious journey.

And so my spirits were beginning to be somewhat affected. No game was surely bad enough, but the prospect of a bacon diet was a real calamity. We must have meat, and were now on mere murder bent.

On the morning of the sixth day we were silently riding along—I making half-jocular, half-caustic remarks about the unusual abundance of game in this particular section of the country—when suddenly we heard an elk whistle, then a chorus of whistling in different keys, but in richest harmony.

We were riding in the heavy spruce timber, and estimated that the elk were about half a mile distant. Dismounting, we tied our horses and cautiously set out afoot to stalk our game.

The whistling continued with unabated zeal, sounding out clear and shrill through the silent forest.

"The old fellow is singing bass," whispered Pixley; "steer for him." Very quietly we approached, until it seemed unwise to move nearer.

We waited for the old bull to whistle again. His companions were keeping up a perfect din, but singing tenor and falsetto. Presently we heard the guttural bass we were listening for, and plainly discerned a pair of enormous antlers through the intervening trees.

To gain a better view, I moved some twenty steps nearer, and fairly fell over two five-point bulls, who snorted in fright and plunged through the trees into the midst of the bunch. Immediately we heard a great commotion, twigs and limbs of trees breaking, and, like a flash, our bass-singer and all of his "choir invisible" were scurrying through the timber, getting well out of harm's way. There was a little park a short way beyond, and toward this I hurried. I had the pleasure of seeing about thirty elk just disappearing into the timber opposite. One five-pointer was lagging behind. At the edge of the park he stopped to look back, and received a bullet in the shoulder for his indiscretion. I fervently hoped that he was the one that had stampeded the band and made me lose the big head.

We now had meat, but I had failed to get the animal I wanted, so still had a grief. I sat by at a safe distance while my guide did the butchering—not a nice job. I preferred letting my eyes wander over the scenery, and was thus engaged when a coyote trotted up not far away. He seemed much interested in our proceedings, and was doubtless impatient for us to move on. I watched him cautiously steal up as far as he dared; then he would stop, look about, gather new courage, and come a little nearer. Once more he approached, but his curiosity carried him too far; for, resting my gun on the antlers of the dead elk, I took a shot at him. Instantly he began to spin around in wild gyrations, uttering the most piercing howls.

With my camera and gun I made a charge on him, getting in effective shots with each. We hung the coyote by his hind legs to the limb of a tree, and took off his furry skin like a glove. Filling a couple of bags with elk meat, we tied the same on our saddles, swung the coyote-skin over the pummel of my saddle, and started for camp.

I found myself in a more amiable frame of mind, believing now that there were elk in the country, and even bear, for Pixley told me that he had noticed decided evidences of their being in our neighborhood. We had brought the traps, and now had a bait if a bear would only come that way.

In seeking to trap bear it is always well to leave a bait out for some time before setting a trap. If a bear is within several miles of a carcass, he usually turns up there sooner or later. An elk is too large for him to finish at one meal; so he eats what he can, and plans to continue his daily, or rather nightly, visits until all is consumed. He never carries any meat away, and is not addicted to making "caches." One can easily tell if a bear has visited a bait, by the tracks, the condition of the bait, etc. When such evidences are discovered, the trap can then be set.

The bear does most of his hunting and exercising from sunset to sunrise, and is seldom seen during the day. As a general thing, he is not poking around in anybody's way or looking for trouble.

About sunset of the day following the killing of the elk we rode by the remains, but found no traces of bear or any other animal. After assuring ourselves that our bait was untouched, we set out for camp, and had ridden about a mile, when we saw leisurely walking toward us a large black bear. He evidently had whiffed the elk meat from afar and was on his way to the feast. He saw us the same instant, stood up on his hind legs a moment to secure a better view of us, then wheeled about and set off rapidly in the direction of the timber. We spurred our ponies into a run and dashed after him, hoping to drive him across the creek on to a steep hill-side opposite. On our left was heavy timber, and if he struck into that we thought surely we should lose him. So we continued our wild chase, doing our best to overtake him.

However, he easily outstripped us in the race, and had his entire choice of direction, leaving us five hundred yards behind and out of sight when he dashed into the timber.

Shaken up and discouraged, we jogged on, never expecting to see the bear again. However, after riding about a mile we looked through the trees and suddenly discovered a black object just ahead of us, slowly working its way up the hill to our right.

The bear, unwisely, had decided to come out of the timber and to ascend the hill. Hurriedly dismounting, I seized my gun from its scabbard, and shot. The bear staggered, and we knew it was hit. As we afterwards discovered, it had been shot through the hips. He immediately stopped and slowly proceeded to come down the hill, and I became very busy shooting. An approaching bear is apt to make one forget other things. He came slowly, but not directly, towards me, though nearer every step.

I succeeded in getting four bullets into him, and he now appeared to be feeling decidedly groggy. He reached the creek—and we were now getting rather sociable. The bear was struggling to get up the bank, while I was at the top, peering over and shifting about in an endeavor to get in a final shot. It was a sure thing I was not going any nearer, and yet from my position it was most difficult to get a good view of him. He was wobbling about in the willows and muttering to himself, as if in a very bad humor.

It wasn't long before he had moved into a clear space in the middle of the creek. Very carefully I aimed at his head, and the bullet entered his neck. Down he went, and all was over. I don't know who was happier, my guide or myself. Think I was, for this was the first bear I had ever killed out of a trap.

It was now almost dark, so we left Bruin in the stream and hit for camp.

I crawled into my sleeping-bag that night feeling at peace with the world; but I had to kill a good many bears before morning.

We were out early for breakfast, and soon in our saddles, for the bear had to be skinned and his hide brought to camp. Billie the cook trailed into the procession, leading a demure "not-afraid-of-bear" pack-horse.

It seemed a good while, but we finally got to the place in the creek where our bear had been left, and he was there all right. During the night he had frozen stiff, and we had to wait until he thawed out before skinning him. The men set him up between them, and I got a very good photograph of the group.

In life the bear would have stood far above the men, as he measured seven foot five from nose to tail, and by stretching hard we made him eight feet.

About noon the skin was off, and many pounds of tallow had been packed away in various old slickers and sacks; for the natives always preserve all the fat possible. They have innumerable uses for it. I had the pleasure of carrying the skull behind my saddle, and was very watchful that it did not fall off. I also kept an eye on the pack-horse which was carrying the hide. So we entered camp, and another day's work was done.

I should also mention that we packed in a large hunk of "sirloin of bear"—a rare delicacy, my men informed me. Having eaten bear meat before, I did not regard this epicurean treat with very great enthusiasm. Pixley begged to be permitted to make a soup, putting only the feet bones in the pot, adding beans when taken off the fire—then seasoning to the taste. I consented to his making the soup, but firmly declined eating any of it. Was sorry to have to appear so fastidious, but somehow I could not bring myself to eating a soup made from bear's feet. Bear meat is really very good eating—much like roast pork. It takes practice, however, to eat it without thinking. Most people have a natural aversion to eating bear, though really, if that antipathy can be set aside, it is found to be very good eating. And no doubt bear feet are very nice also. I noticed that the sirloin was eaten to the last scrap, though I came back to elk meat after one meal of bear. The soup was never made, and I alone was to blame.

September was now drawing to a close, and a snow-storm was likely to come at any time. So the day was set to break camp and start back to our headquarters at Wells, Wyoming. Here there were comfortable cabins, in which one might defy any storm, feeling confident that no wind would blow away his abode, or weight of snow bring it sagging down on his head. A tent in a snow-storm is a poor place to be. When the ground is covered with snow the hunter's chances for getting game are greatly increased, but to be in camp while the snow is falling is certainly unpleasant.

We started none too soon, for about noon of the first day's pack the storm broke in all its fury, and we were soon travelling through blinding snow. Our horses slipped and stumbled, and had to be frequently rested. It seemed as if Pixley were leading us over all the high mountains in the country. The scenery, I know, must have been magnificent. At one lofty summit we paused to let the horses breathe.

"Too bad," remarked Pixley, "the snow obstructs the view, for from this point you could see all of God's creation—and part of Kansas."

Well, I was more anxious to get down where the view wasn't so grand, and where we might be somewhat protected from the cold wind. We were going out of our direct course, in quest of a cabin the men knew of, where we might put up for the night. I accused them of being lost, and they humored me by admitting it.

However, about four o'clock we dismounted at the blessed cabin, hungry and cold. There was a big fireplace, and a roaring fire soon thawed me out, and made life again seem bright and cheery.

We spent the night very comfortably, and were pleased to see, on the following morning, that the snow had ceased.

"This storm will set the elk moving, and we ought to get that big bull to-day." So spake my ever-hopeful guide.

"All right," I replied; "we will not give up on the last day."

So we sent Billie on with the pack-horses, while Pixley and I struck off through the timber for our last circuit. We rode until noon, seeing nothing. We then built a fire and had lunch, a frugal repast.

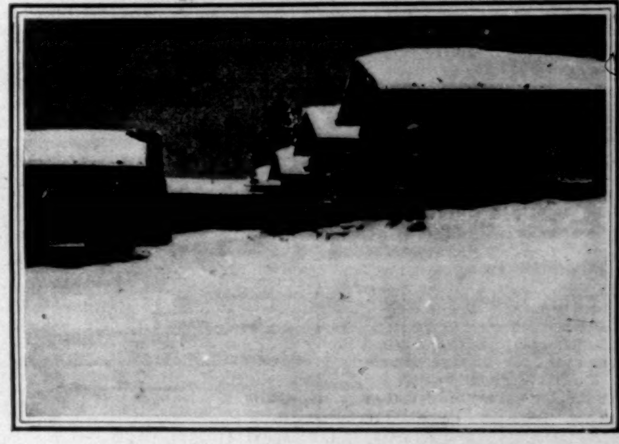
After an hour's delay we were again in our saddles, watching and listening for the elusive bull elk.

At four o'clock, while riding over an open stretch of hilly country, I was aroused from an almost hypnotic state by seeing Pixley suddenly dismount and drop to the ground. Instantly following suit, I crawled up to him, gun in hand.

"There are a hundred elk over that hill," he whispered, "and one big bull."

Cautiously we crawled along the snowy ground, until we reached the summit of the rise. A wonderful sight met my unobstructed view. There were more than seventy-five elk lying together in a close group, all with ears set forward and eyes fixed directly on us. All were cows and calves but one, and his head looked enormous.

In the suddenness of their surprise they lay there and regarded us, apparently unfrightened. I had time to get in a shot before they arose—and missed.



WELLS HUNTING-LODGE, WELLS, WYOMING.

At the report of the gun all bounded to their feet. The bull stood just an instant, making a fine mark. This time he staggered, shot through the shoulder. He tried to run, but tottered and fell. A mercy shot at close range finished him.

The cows were completely bewildered, running about in a circle in a most aimless way. Right there it would have been a simple matter for a native to have secured his winter's meat. Evidently this herd of elk had never been hunted to any extent.

I was greatly delighted to have finally succeeded in getting a heavy six-pointer. I reached Wells Lodge that night, more than satisfied with the results of the trip.

IF THE PRINCE CAME WEST AGAIN. *By E. Hough*

THE GAME BIRDS HE WOULD FIND AND THE CHANGES HE WOULD SEE

WHEN H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was a young man, he came to America incognito, for the simple purpose of enjoying unmolested an old-fashioned "chicken shoot," the fame of the great prairie-grouse having long before that time spread across the water. The Prince and his modest retinue settled upon the little village of Dwight, Illinois, that point being at the time fairly called the centre of the best chicken country of America. Here they had very fine shooting, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly, after the fashion of young men. It is of record that they were at one time arrested and brought before a doughty justice of the peace for violating the law against Sunday shooting. They paid their fines like gentlemen, and it is proof of the pluck and manhood of the future King of England that he bore no malice against the obscure Western magistrate, but, on the contrary, thereafter appeared at church, and in every way respected the traditions of the little country town.

This incident, now almost forgotten, was the first claim Dwight had to distinction, and this early glory is now quite swallowed up in the lustre of her fame as the greatest home for inebriates in all the world.

If you should visit Dwight to-day, it would be taken for granted that you went there to take the "cure," and you would hear more of bichloride of gold than you would of the doings of a certain plain "Mr. Hamilton," who once in the long ago paid his fine and went to church like a gentleman. You would, however, see in the streets or alleys of Dwight unnoted evidence of the royal visit; for, upon his return to England, the Prince of Wales sent to a friend at Dwight a fine brace of English pointers. The good folk of that burg crossed these animals upon the native stock, whether the latter were pointers or setters. There were some splendid bird dogs among these half-breed droppers, and their fame has endured for half a generation—perhaps not to the knowledge of the future King.

RETRIEVED.

Should the Prince of Wales visit us again in his capacity as sportsman—as all American sportsmen wish he might—he would find to-day a different America from that which he saw in his younger days. He would find at the village of Dwight, it is true, still a few of the glorious brown birds which he knocked over before the dogs in the old days of the prairie seas; for even to-day the prairie-chicken clings stoutly to these haunts it loved so well; and I presume that to-day, as was the case twenty-five years ago, the largest and most typical specimens of the American pinnated grouse are to be found in upper Illinois. The Prince might, by good fortune, make a bag of prairie-chickens at the opening of the season at any one of a dozen points within one hundred miles of the city of Chicago; but he would find the splendid open prairies replaced by great corn-fields fenced with wire. He would find the habits of the prairie-chicken essentially changed by this change of environment, and the element of sport in its pursuit also somewhat affected. To-day much of the Illinois chicken-shooting is corn-field shooting—really more difficult than the old open shooting, but not permitting satisfactory use of the dogs, and, above all, shorn of the splendid sweep of the horizon and the mysterious breath of a land still wide and new.

To-day the reign of the old-time "chicken dog" is done in America, and the day of the great brown grouse is also done. One can see no future for this, one of the most noble, though easily the most helpless, of all our game birds. To-day the centre of the chicken country is no longer at Dwight. It moved West from Illinois into Iowa, then up into lower Minnesota, then a short way into lower Dakota. It crossed the sand hills of Nebraska and the wheat-belt of Kansas, tarried for a long time in the Indian Nations, and then dropped swiftly down across the State of Texas.* I should be disposed to say that to-day it is perhaps located in some of the lower tiers of counties of Texas, and closer to the Gulf coast than most persons would imagine. There are some prairie-chickens left in Wisconsin, yet more in Minnesota, and, together with the sharp-tailed grouse, these birds yet furnish sport in widely scattered localities over North and South Dakota and Nebraska.

Good chicken country is much in demand each fall, but "chicken tips" are properly to be deemed extra-hazardous. A section which is good one year may be shot out the next, and a locality which promises well in June may be found gleaned close by the "sooner," or lawless shooter, when the sportsman goes out on opening-day. Chicken laws are apparently made to be broken; certainly the average American citizen has always deemed this bird fair game at any season. Many an Iowa farm was paid for by prairie-chickens trapped during the winter, and many a pair of shoes has been bought for the market

---

* When Oklahoma was opened the St. Louis and Chicago markets were overrun with game of all sorts. But little comes from there now. This tells the story.—E. H.

WESTERN GROUSE COUNTRY.

shooter's babies with the proceeds of chicken grouse knocked down with No. 10 shot while they were yet too weak to top the grass.

RISE OF THE BOB-WHITE QUAIL

If the Prince of Wales should come West again, he would find now in the front rank of our game birds a species which at the time of the early settlements in the West was thought beneath the notice of any sportsman. So long as our pioneers had deer and turkey, they did not care for prairie-chickens, and it was only after the prairie-chickens had become more of a rarity that the quail began to receive attention. Really the bob-white quail is a better game bird than the prairie-chicken, and I consider that the sport of quail-shooting over good dogs and in a comfortable country is the cream of all American sport. The prairie-chicken was pursued in August or September, whereas the natural time for quail-shooting is in the later and cooler part of autumn.

The shooting at bob-white is more difficult than that on the big grouse, and, moreover, bob-white is a bird of greater resource. Indeed, this brown little fellow seems to be the hope of Western sportsmen. So far from diminishing in numbers, the quail is actually increasing in all portions of the West where it is native, and this in spite of a persistent slaughter for the markets which runs annually far up into the millions. (One Chicago firm filled one order for 500,000 quail, and did it with ease.) The prairie-chicken followed the wheat-farms into the West, going thus into portions of Dakota where once it was rarely seen; but it could not hold its own upon the land, in spite of the great and peculiar fall migrations from the northward across Dakota and far down into the corn country of Nebraska and Iowa, by which shifting of supply a depleted region was sometimes fed by a new stock of game.

The sharp-tailed grouse of Dakota migrates into the timbered portions of Minnesota during the late fall, and the pinnated grouse also pulls his well-bestockinged legs up into his feathers and hies him farther South in the early winter, evidently not altogether loving the snow with which he is so well fitted to combat. Upon the other hand, brave bob-white, the hardy Highlander of game birds, stalks ever boldly, though barelegged, into new regions, and where he goes he holds his ground, giving and taking with the elements; cut down to a handful now and then by the severe winters, but never receding from a country where he has once tarried and tuned up his pipes.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, but which I take to be one of the most important incidents in the history of Western game birds, that the bob-white quail is moving steadily northward, farther and farther each year, following the little barren farms which are pressing into the slashings of the logged-off lumber regions. He has for many years been working steadily northward in the lower peninsula of Michigan, and already his advance-guards are not far from the Strait of Mackinack.

Within the last few years he has appeared in Minnesota, and is now well north of St. Paul, and still following the farms. It is altogether likely that this bird will eventually reach the shores of Lake Superior, though of course it will meet years of practical annihilation from severe winter weather. This is the most widely distributed of all our game birds.

RUFFED GROUSE

In three Western States—Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—the ruffed grouse is a large factor in the plans of sportsmen, and in very many other States of the West it is found in sufficient numbers to be considered an occasional, if not regular, source of sport. This bird may be said to hold its own very well, subject always to its own mysterious fluctuations in numbers. It is very abundant in the pine forests in the upper portions of the States mentioned, though the conditions there are not such as to make its pursuit pleasant to the sportsman.

The upland shooter of the East, who works hard all day over the hills and forests for three or four of these grand birds, is shocked when he learns of the work of the market shooters in this wilderness country of the West. From the one town of Tower, Minnesota, there have been train-loads of these birds shipped out, and that, moreover, against the law. Some enterprising market shooters in Wisconsin baited a disused logging road with rice, left it for a few days, and thereafter had all they could do potting the birds which gathered there to feed. There has been seen on the station platform of a little Wisconsin pine-woods town a pile of ruffed grouse higher than one's head, this being the shipment of one day.

WILD-FOWL

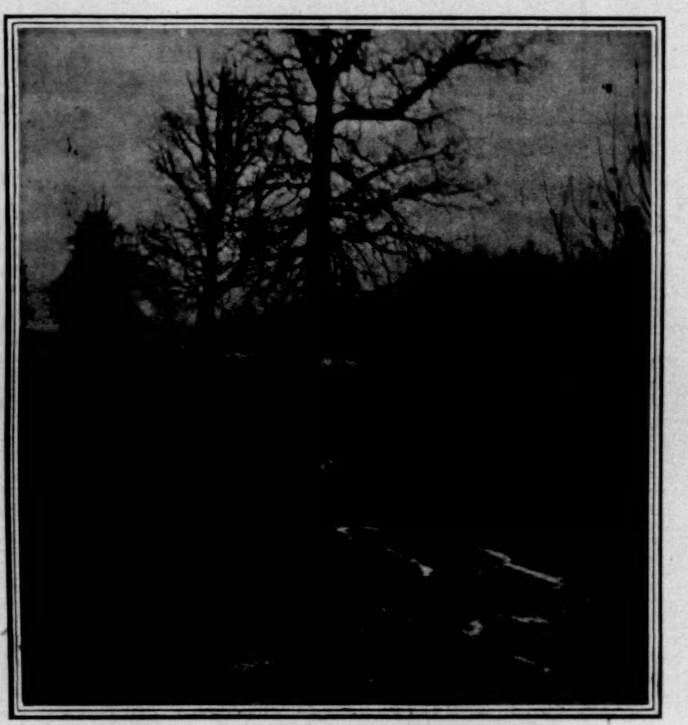
It is likely that more than half the ammunition used by Western shooters is expended upon wild-fowl. Our friends the trap shooters are apt to regard themselves as a large factor in the sportsmanship of the country; but in reality trap shooting is but a drop in the bucket compared with the game-shooting in America, even in these days of lessening game-supply. The proof of this lies in the records of the ammunition trade.

In trap shooting nitro powder is used exclusively, and nitro powder is also used almost exclusively by those men best to be called "modern sportsmen." Yet the great cartridge-factories load even to day ten cheap black-powder cartridges to one of the nitro powder which most of us would consider indispensable in these times. You will find the cheap cases of these black-powder loads in the outlying districts—along the lagoons of Texas, the pond holes of the Indian Nations, the shallow lakes of far-away Dakota.

Were the Prince of Wales's visit deferred ten years it is likely we should be obliged to take him to some club preserve in order to show him the best of our Western wild-fowl shooting. Practically all of the best wild-fowling grounds of the Middle West are now going under preserve. Many of the famous localities of a quarter of a century ago have long since lost their glory. The Kankakee marshes of Indiana, Tamarack Lake and the Kandiyohi Pass of Minnesota, the Preston lakes of Dakota, even Reelfoot and the glorious New Madrid country—these are names with but an empty sound to many shooters of to-day.

There are, roughly speaking, four lines of the migratory flight of the wild-fowl—the two coastwise flights, the Mississippi Valley flight, and the flight which crosses the Platte and Arkansas rivers. The Mississippi Valley flight is undoubtedly waning, though this spring there have been very large numbers of birds in over the Illinois River and Kankakee marshes, so we have again the old cry that "there are as many ducks as there ever were." Really this is but a temporary shifting of the migratory line. Our migratory birds—ducks, geese, snipe, and plover—are holding their own very much better than the upland birds, though showing great decrease. It is the opinion of many conservative persons that if spring shooting is persisted in, our wild-fowl must surely disappear. We cannot always delude ourselves with the belief that the "flight has moved further West." The question of spring shooting is warmly debated at the present time in many of the Western States.

Briefly, we may say that Michigan has abolished spring shooting, that Illinois never will do so, that Wisconsin has partially done so, that Minnesota will probably do so at an early date. All these things depend upon the obstinate ignorance of that class who think there are "just as many ducks as there ever were," who say that the "flight has only moved a little further West," and who think that there will always be a Dakota to which they can go for their shooting.



A POINT ACROSS WATER—DOUBTFUL.

To-day the best wild-fowl shooting is to be had at the extremes of the migratory flight in the United States, at such points as Turtle Lake and Dawson in North Dakota, and on the Gulf coast of Texas, at such points as Rockport, Matagorda, or Galveston. The best canvas-back country in America to-day is at Lake Surprise, near Galveston, Texas. There are a great many canvas-back which breed on certain isolated lakes near Dawson, North Dakota. The most famous canvas-back lake on the Mississippi Valley flight is Lake Koshkonong, in lower Wisconsin. In all the localities above mentioned the wild-celery plant is of course to be found.

If not molested by spring shooting, large numbers of wild-fowl would breed in Indiana and Illinois. They do breed largely even now in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. North Dakota is a famous breeding-ground. Thence into the illimitable North the home-seeking birds press on each spring. The warfare against them begins with the Indians, who rob their nests, taking the eggs for food. The South-bound fowl reach the most northern of the United States in September, and they are at once merrily received. By November they are half-way across the United States. In early December they reach the wintering-grounds on the Gulf coast, where they are pounded at until February by local shooters, shooters who nowadays go from the North to shoot during the winter, and by all sorts of market hunters, who are meeting or following the flight. In February and March the birds turn North again, scattering out over the country in search of food, and in all the country they cross they have no respite until they strike the Canadian line. Better sportsmen than we are, the Canadians allow "law" to any creature pursued, and they respect the breeding season as well as the season of infancy, and they enforce the game laws which they enact. In the United States we respect neither natural season nor enacted law. We only say the "flight has moved further West."

WESTERN GAME LAWS

The attitude of the West in regard to game laws is largely that of a people long free and proud of the right to bear arms. We are unwilling to believe that the old times will not always endure, unwilling to think that there is no longer any West, with its ever-ready abundance, a little farther on. Progress we have made in game laws, it is true—a progress that has been greater in the last three years than in the last seventeen thereto preceding.

Many of our Western States have excellent game laws upon their statute-books, but the executive side of the laws is, almost without exception, pitiably weak, the enforcement of the laws being left partly to politics and chiefly to chance. Minnesota and Michigan have good laws, and their enforcement has for some years been good up to the limit of the machinery allowed. In Wisconsin for some time almost the reverse has been the case. In Illinois there has never been a determined fight made on the commission-houses which make the key to the law-breaking situation in that State. In Indiana there is a crippled fish commission, with no appropriation of consequence, and no actual game protection. In Iowa much the same situation obtains as in Indiana. Nebraska and Kansas have no warden system worth the name. South Dakota cares little for her game laws. In North Dakota there had been no effort at enforcement of the laws until the enactment of the present non-resident shooting-license law, which latter has been better enforced than any other game law in that State.

This non-resident license law is a purely Western idea. Its utility has not yet been thoroughly worked out to a proof, but it is gaining ground very rapidly in certain of the Western States. Michigan charges a non-resident $25 for a deer-shooting license, and is trying to make this extend to all sorts of game. Wisconsin charges a $30 deer license for non-residents, but the law is a farce, for hardly a dozen licenses are collected during the year. Minnesota will probably have a deer-license law before many years. Illinois is toying with a $5 non-resident license bill in the present session of her Legislature. The theory of the non-resident license proposition is that it provides a fund for protective purposes very much larger than could be obtained by any State appropriation. The non-resident clause is usually accompanied by a resident license clause, a resident shooting license costing commonly fifty cents or one dollar. Let a State raise a fund in this way, and the connection with politics is obvious.

A GENERATION OF SLAUGHTER

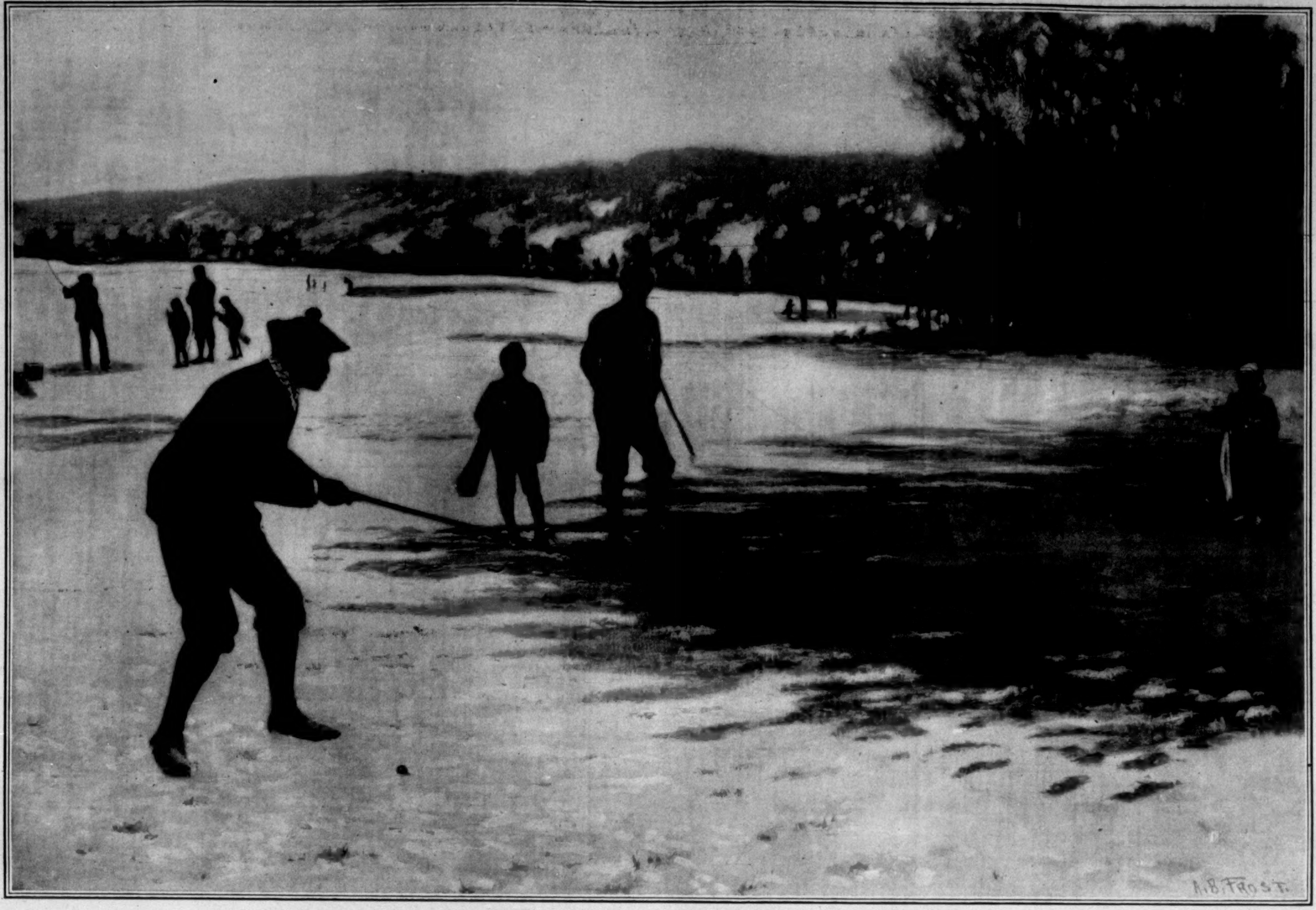
Thus, let us say, if the Prince of Wales should come West again, he would find that since his first visit we have destroyed all our buffalo, are destroying our elk and other great game animals as rapidly as possible, have annihilated the wild-pigeon, have set the seal of extinction upon our pinnated grouse, and are in process of destroying even our magnificent supply of wild-fowl.

The idea of the sale of game or the destruction of game might not be new to an Englishman, but the Prince could not fail to note the difference between the conditions in England and those obtaining in America. In the former country game is sold, but it is reared systematically as poultry; the shooting seasons are rigidly observed, and the game laws are held in absolute respect. In our Western country we respect these laws less than any others, rebel at the "English idea" of preserves, and allow a few individuals to sell continually the property of the people without making any recompense or reparation, and without the least effort toward keeping up the supply, notably decreasing as it is under the ever-increasing demands of a rapidly extending civilization.

The Prince would find here to-day a population of 75,000,000 Americans, of whom perhaps 71,000,000 never heard of a game law. Of the remainder, perhaps 2,000,000 have heard of game laws but vaguely. Yet another million have heard, but openly scoff. A portion of the remaining million, and that largely located in the West, is made up of persons who think that game laws are a good thing, who are willing to talk about game laws, and pass "resolutions" regarding better laws, but who are also willing now and then to violate the laws themselves, and who oppose any such stringent movement as the abolition of spring shooting, on the ground that if they do not kill the birds "some one else will." Of actual upright sportsmen willing to face the facts, to sacrifice selfish pleasure, and to put up their guns after a decent limit and at a decent date, I really doubt if we have 10,000 in America.

This has been such a big country, such a glorious land, so full of all manner of possibilities for out-door manhood, that it is hard indeed to think of restricting in any wise the full liberties that our fathers enjoyed before us. It is unpleasant to be asked to believe that there is no longer any West. We shrink from the suggestion that the days of our Western game are numbered, and with the pride and confidence of more than a hundred years of free shooting we rebel at the thought that it is now time we should do something to keep step with the continuous output of guns and ammunition, with the steady growth in numbers of our shooters. The field sports of America have done much to make the American character what it is, and no section more than the West has abounded with opportunities. Yet the sporting resources of the West have been exhausted more rapidly than those of any other section of the country. If the Prince should come hither again, he would find that his own old Roundheads have most used to the full their free shooting privileges in this country, and would see that the descendants of his Cavaliers, our Southerners, whether by tradition or environment, will be the last to exhaust the game which nature has given them, and which it should be the wish of a gentleman sportsman to protect as well as to destroy.

In America we have no Cavaliers nor Roundheads, and we have not yet need for Old World methods. Yet we in the West surely do need to reflect that this country cannot be always new, that we cannot be always sending our product to the market without putting a limit upon the seasons and quantities of our shipments. We are learning the idea of game protection in the West slowly, perhaps too slowly eventually to save our game, but with the help of enlightened action there may yet much be done. Perhaps we may one day have good game laws in the West, and may enforce them when the Prince of Wales comes West again.



WINTER GOLF—"PLAY THE LIKE IN FOUR!"—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

TRAP SHOOTING AT CLAY TARGETS. *By A. W. Money*

MUCH attention has recently been attracted to this sport by the tournament which took place on the roof of the Madison Square Garden, in New York, during the progress of the Annual Sportsmen's Exposition, held in the body of the building, March 2 to 15.

It was astonishing to see the number of men, women, and children who climbed those long flights of steps, to stand in the coldest, draughtiest place imaginable, deafened by the reports of the gun in such a confined space, yet held there by the fascination of a sport they barely understood.

All day long the little black and yellow targets were spinning merrily toward the high screen erected to prevent the shot from falling into the street below; over 800 of these were thrown every hour; and all through that fortnight, good weather or bad (and it was mostly bad), shooters—expert and amateur—were struggling to get their entries accepted, and counting themselves lucky if they succeeded.

A SQUAD SHOOTING BY THE SARGEANT SYSTEM.

MAGAZINE TRAPS.

All the "old guard" were there, of course—that is, the professionals and manufacturers' experts, who do so much to keep up the interest in trap shooting by attending tournaments throughout the country; but the most striking characteristic of the shoot was the number of men who, appearing one day as spectators, were the next day to be seen among the shooters themselves.

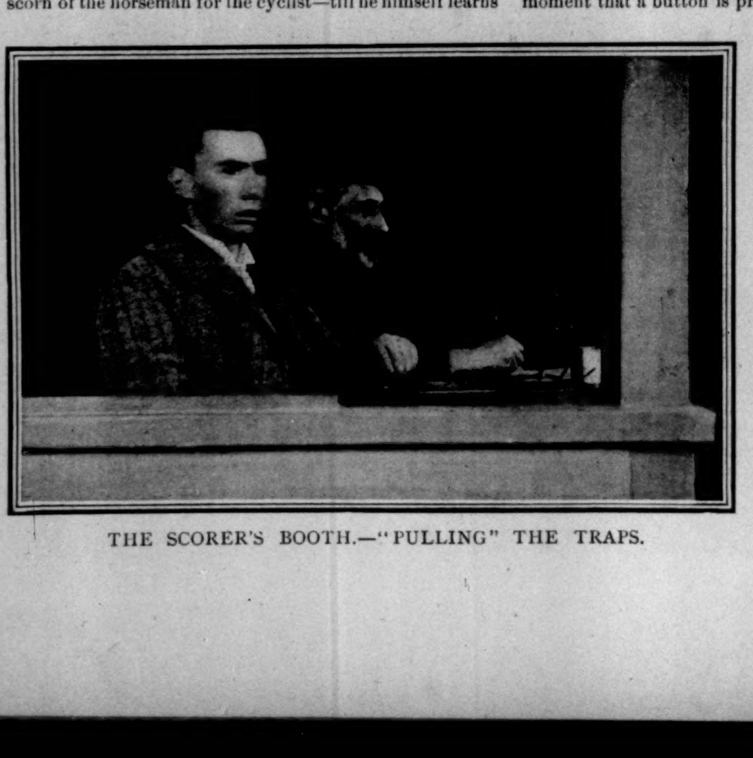
What cared they that with them was perhaps one of America's best shots breaking every target, while they were making such a steady succession of misses that the crowd looking on broke into cheers when they finally succeeded in breaking one?

They had found a new sport, and enthusiasm was running high. Who can deny that their two, three, or four hits in twenty-five shots gave them more pleasure than the twenty-five straight kills of the veteran could give him?

Yet, even to the old war-horse in the trap-shooting world, a good score is far from becoming a mechanical, unexciting performance. One of America's champion clay-target shots told me that he had found by actual experiment that at the end of a clean score of twenty-five his pulse would invariably be above normal.

This recruiting of the ranks of clay-target shooters is only what one may see at any shoot, and the enthusiasm of a beginner is only to be compared with that of a man newly bitten by golf mania.

Live-bird shooters are rapidly joining the army of target-shooters, though only a short time ago it was the custom among them to look down with the immeasurable scorn of the horseman for the cyclist—till he himself learns to "bike"—upon their humbler brethren of the mud-pie-smashing persuasion. Now one but seldom finds a live-bird shooter that cannot also hold his own at targets, and nearly all live-bird-shooting clubs have accommodation for target-shooting.



THE SCORER'S BOOTH.—"PULLING" THE TRAPS.

At the Madison Square tournament one of the very first of New York's crack live-bird amateurs declared to me, on my asking why he did not try his hand at it, that he would rather throw snowballs at a wall or shoot craps than shoot targets; and yet, the next day, behold the scoffer among the shooting enthusiasts, smiling when a target disappears in a puff of black dust as he fires, and assuming a look of blank surprise when the elusive little black object pursues its course untouched!

Many and various are the advantages of the sport of target-shooting over the kindred one of live-bird shooting from traps. In the matter of expense, for instance, while live birds cost from twenty-five to thirty-five cents each, targets cost but one to two cents apiece. Another great advantage of target-shooting to those enthusiasts who can never get enough, or to those who can but seldom spare any time to devote to the traps, is the amount of shooting which may be enjoyed in a short time.

At an average live-bird shoot, with a fair number of contestants, each man would probably not have a chance to shoot at more than twenty-five to forty birds in a day, whilst at a target shoot of the same size he would need from 200 to 300 shells.

Target-shooting is not nearly so easy nowadays as it was a few years ago; several changes have been made, in the way of shooting as well as in the traps used to throw the target, and the object of these changes has been to make the sport more difficult. It is now the common custom at most clubs to throw the targets from three traps, placed close together; this is what is called the Sargeant system. The shooters stand on the segment of a circle, so that each man is equally distant from the centre trap, and as he does not know which trap will be pulled for him or what the flight of the target will be, the shooting is more like that of live game in the field, and correspondingly more difficult than it was formerly. The targets are also thrown more swiftly than used to be done.

Another innovation is the use of the magazine trap, which is worked by electricity, or, where that cannot be applied, by a man seated as on a bicycle, who, by treading a pair of pedals, keeps an arm of the machine rapidly revolving, the machine itself being fed continuously by a clever automatic arrangement. The targets are thus thrown out by centrifugal force. By means of an electric connection with this arm, a target can be let fly at any moment that a button is pressed by the puller.

With either the Sargeant system or the magazine trap the result is that a continuous flight of targets can be obtained, and delays from their breaking in the trap are avoided, whilst the angles are sharper, and the shooting is thus made more difficult.

It follows that, as shooting becomes more difficult, means must be found to overcome this, and in consequence we find to-day that there has been a great improvement in both the guns and ammunition used by the shooters, in the position at the traps assumed by most of those who have any pretension to call themselves good shots, and in the quickness shown in getting on to the object to be shot at.

The guns, for instance, are better balanced, shoot a closer pattern, and much more attention is paid now to the pull-off being light, quick, and instantaneous, with no slow creeping action or varying pull.

The ammunition which would have fully satisfied a man a few years ago would now have no sale. The shooting public have been to school, and nothing now will satisfy them but the best that can be produced.

There are also few or no miss-fires, no smoke, no strong fumes from powder, and the ignition of each cartridge is as quick as lightning, whilst the distressing recoil, which formerly caused sore shoulders and aching heads, is a thing of the past. Of the heroes at Santiago, it would be interesting to know how many had learnt to shoot quick and straight by their work at the traps.

There is one phase of trap shooting which I never remember to have seen mentioned in print or heard remarked on, and that is its effect on the manners and customs of those who take part in it.

Amongst trap shooters there are men of all sorts and all grades, from the town-bred and college-educated millionaire to the illiterate cowboy, and yet it is essentially a quiet gentlemanly sport. A man who indulges in rough, coarse language or boisterous horse-play is soon made to feel that he is out of touch with his surroundings, and soon learns to control himself.

It is essentially a game of skill, and requires great concentration of mind if a man wishes to excel in it.

It cannot therefore fail to be a good school for the rising generation, teaching them how to handle a gun with safety to themselves and others, how to bear disappointment with equanimity, and teaching them, above all, the great lesson of life—that success can only be attained by steady persevering effort; for I never yet knew of a man becoming a first-class target-shot who had not given a good deal of time and thought to it.

It looks so delightfully easy to the novice, until he essays it himself, and then he finds it the most difficult kind of shooting he has ever tried his hand at.

It is a phase of target-shooting worth noticing that whilst the attendance at large tournaments has fallen off very much indeed, the number of clubs established for this form of sport has increased enormously, and the number of private individuals who have their own set of traps, and amuse themselves and their friends by their use, has also grown with the same rapidity.

Thus to-day in the United States there are ten times the number of targets being shot at than was the case a very few years ago. This shows a healthy state of things, and that, as a sport, target-shooting has come to stay.

The enormous number of target-shooters formerly collected at any big tournament were drawn there by the valuable prizes advertised to be shot for; but as the public found out that they could win none of these unless they were able to hit almost every target they shot at, they very naturally decided to stay at home and shoot at their own club, or, if there was none, to set to work and establish one.

Another interesting point in target-shooting is the great rivalry which now exists between these different clubs, and the great number of team races which are being daily shot between them.

Most of the colleges in the United States have now got their team for shooting at clay targets, and inter-university matches are of common occurrence.

Formerly the sport was looked upon by a very large class of men as a means of making money; to-day all that has ceased, and target-shooting is carried on, as it should be, as a clean manly sport—not for filthy lucre, but for honest rivalry, and to show who is the best man.

The idea that a woman is unsexed by entering into some of the sports which have hitherto been indulged in only by men is a thing of the past, and God forbid that it should ever be revived! The woman of to-day is emancipated from all such slavish notions, and will never allow herself to be enslaved again.

Bicycling, lawn-tennis, and golf are now almost part of a girl's education, not to speak of basket-ball, fencing, etc., which they are taught at their schools amongst themselves, and the improvement in the physique of the fair sex from following up these healthy out-of-door exercises is a constant subject of remark. There are also many women shooters to-day, and of all the forms of shooting they can indulge in there is none so suited to their sex as that of clay-target shooting.

In it there is no suspicion of the cruelty which must always exist to a certain extent in all forms of shooting where animal life is concerned, and which is naturally repugnant to the gentle heart of a true woman.

There is also none of the exposure to weather or the excessive fatigue that must at times accompany game-shooting, and there are no snakes to be encountered.

There is nothing unwomanly or unladylike in the sport; and even if only used as the speediest, safest, and best way of teaching how to handle a gun with safety and effect, it is of the greatest possible service in this respect.

The same, too, as a means of training the boy to the proper use of a gun. Where can a boy learn so well the danger that exists, both to himself and others, in handling a gun carelessly, as at a club where target-shooting is carried on.

The first thing he sees on entering the club-house is the rules for shooting, amongst which are always the following:

> Any person pointing a gun at any one shall be fined $—.
>
> No shooter may place a shell in his gun until he is at the shooting-mark.
>
> No shooter may turn away from the score until he has removed the shells from his gun, under a penalty of $—.
>
> No shooting is allowed on the ground, except by the shooter at the mark, under a penalty of $—.

These and other similar rules are always rigidly enforced at all clubs, as otherwise, with so many shooters and so many guns, there would be great danger to life and limb; and thus the tyro in shooting learns as his first lesson that the gun is a good servant when properly handled, but far too dangerous a weapon ever to be trifled with.

Later on, when in company with others in the bush, he remembers these lessons, and does not risk his companions' lives by handling his gun carelessly, leaving it lying about loaded, climbing fences with the gun cocked, etc., etc.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to close this article with one or two hints which may be of use to the beginner at target-shooting:

1. When shooting, stand in an easy unconstrained position, the left foot slightly advanced, and the left knee slightly, but only slightly, bent.
2. Clasp the gun firmly with both hands, and press it firmly against the shoulder. When ready to shoot, keep the muzzle of the gun pointing at the top of the screen behind which the trap is being worked, and watch at the top edge of the screen for the first glimpses of the target, following its flight with your gun, and pressing the trigger at the moment you find you have got the correct alignment.
3. Be quick in your movements, but not jerky.
4. Watch when the shooter in front of you fires, and you will easily, after a little practice, detect the reason for his missing, if he does so, and this will help you to avoid the same fault.
5. Keep your mind concentrated on what you are doing at the moment, so that brain, hand, and eye may all work in perfect unison.

FISHING FOR FONTINALIS. *By E. T. D. Chambers*

FISHING for fontinalis is not only the typical sport of the average angler throughout the great northeast of the American continent, but it is more closely identified with his early angling experiences than any other form of the art. Whether the recollections of his first fishing-days carry him away to an out-of-town excursion to the pond or river-side with an indulgent parent, or whether they run back to the barefoot loiterings of his schoolboy days in the shallows of the purling brook with a hazel rod and a worm for bait, nine times out of ten the visions that a grateful memory conjures up for him of the earliest finny victims of his craft are those of speckled trout. What joy in after-life may compare with that which attended the capture of the sly old trout that had so long defied his boyish skill? What later heart-throb more satisfying than the sensation that thrilled his youthful being when first his happy cast was followed by the bound, clear out of the water, of the arched bow of crimson and olive and white and gold that—to borrow the language of Ossian—"springs from the deep and tries aerial ways," carrying back with him the gay deceit at the end of the line, and making merry music with the clicking of the reel?

Many fishermen have a decided preference for the open sea and the coarse large game fish that prey upon the smaller species inhabiting the same salt waters. Differing in their tastes from these men who go down to the sea in ships and see the wonders of the deep are the contemplative disciples—the "honest scholars"—of gentle Izaak, who, in holiday-time at least, "hate contentions, and love quietness and virtue and to go a-fishing," and who take for their own the Waltonian sentiment:

> I care not, I, to fish in seas;
> Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
> Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
> And seek in life to imitate.

Early spring finds them counting the weeks and days that must elapse until the streams and ponds of Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut break the icy fetters that have held them winter-bound, and the return of the open season for trouting permits them to fish for fontinalis once again.

Of all the game fish that challenge the attention of the angler, there is none that equals in beauty this *Salmo fontinalis*—alias, the American char, or brook trout. Strictly speaking, fontinalis is not a trout at all, but came to be called one through a mistake of the Pilgrim fathers, who, when they saw it in New England, supposed it to be the same fish that they had known in their own Devonshire streams. It is distinguished from the true salmon by a peculiar arrangement of teeth on the vomer, by its very small scales, and usually by numerous crimson or orange-colored spots, which are especially conspicuous in the breeding season. But why describe a form that is so familiar to every Eastern angler? What fisherman in the Northern, Middle, or Eastern States, or in Canada, is not accustomed to the gorgeous livery of the spawning fontinalis? The brilliant silver of the female fish, marked upon its burnished sides with orange and purple spots, their centre often dotted with crimson, is the very embodiment of grace and beauty, while even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of the male specimens of the species. Artists have vied with one another in the effort to portray upon canvas the brilliant contrasts afforded by the mottled brown and green of its vermiculated back, the golden sheen of its variously colored sides, with the blood-red streak upon their lower parts, and of its anal, ventral, and pectoral fins, with their pencilled margins of black and white.

The splendid game qualities of this beautiful char have established its claim to precedence over the great majority of the fish that rise to the angler's lures. A well-known fisherman in Pennsylvania once declared that to play a speckled trout gave him a higher and keener sense of delight than to hook and play a lordly black bass. "Both," he said, "make a glorious and intelligent struggle for life. But there the comparison ends. The trout fights like a trained boxer, the other like a savage. One arouses all my admiration, and the other my blood. With one I feel as though I was engaged in a friendly contest; with the other, almost as though it was the life of either myself or the bass.

To meet him at his best it is necessary to fight the speckled trout, as the brook char will continue to be called despite the ichthyologists, in the cold rapid water of some northern Canadian river. The liveliest trouting in the waters of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania is on the wane by the time that the sport is at its height in the province of Quebec and to the north of Lake Superior. Even in the Adirondacks and the streams and lakes of Maine the higher summer temperature of the water has an enervating effect upon the fish. It has practically become a bottom feeder in the Rangeley district of Maine, while it rises freely to surface lures in the Nepigon and the Montmorenci. Even when successfully coaxed to take a trolled fly in the rivers of the Northeastern States, with the season well advanced, it lacks the athletic development, pugnacious methods, and muscles of iron that come from colder and clearer water and a lower temperature. For highest development of its powers of resistance it should then be sought in the rapid waters of the Lake St. John and St. Maurice districts of Canada. I have had magnificent sport, even in the month of July, in the river des Aigles and in Lake Epipham. The des Aigles is a rapid stream two to three days' journey to the north of Lake St. John, and a tributary of the Aleck—another good river for both trout and ouananiche, which in turn empties itself into the Peribonka. Lac des Aigles is famous for its three and four pound trout. In this far northern territory I found the May-fly still upon the water in the month of July.

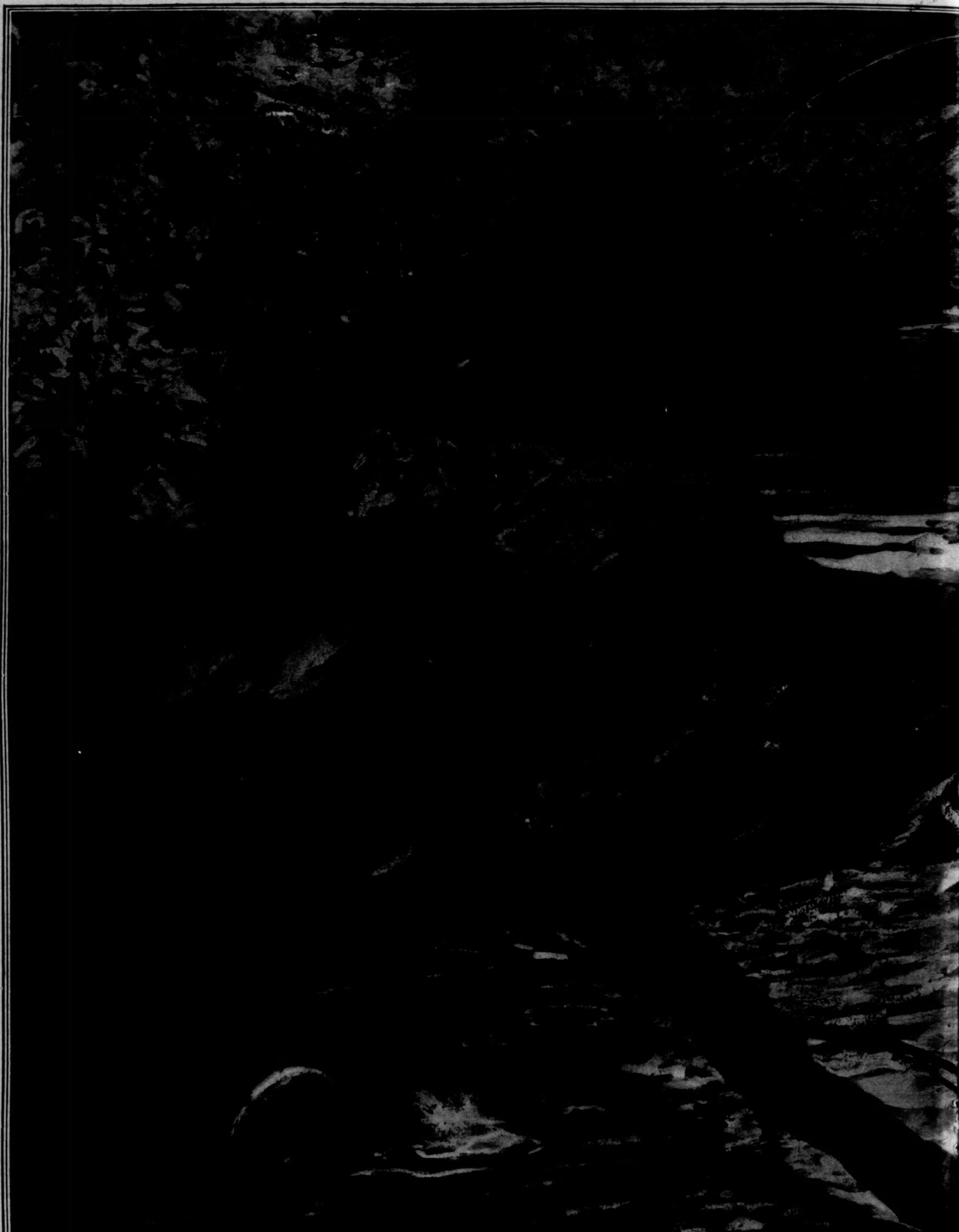
Perhaps the most brilliantly colored specimens of the brook trout are those obtained from Lake Edward—a hundred miles north of Quebec. Some of them were on view at the recent Sportsmen's Exhibition in New York. They love to linger deep down in the cold crystal waters of the great lake, so deep, indeed, that they rarely rise to the fly. Not all anglers are fly fishermen, however, and beautiful Lake Edward offers about the best trolling and bait fishing for fontinalis that I know of. Good stout tackle is necessary to successful sport in Lake Edward. It is a peculiarity of this lake that few small fish are taken out of it, but many that run from one to seven pounds in weight; while the best of fly fishing is to be had in the adjacent lakes, especially in those lying between it and the St. Maurice territory, and also in the autumn months in the Jeannette River, which is its discharge, and where the fish that inhabit its waters retire to spawn. In the pools beneath the rapids of this picturesque stream one may feast his eyes upon a scene of surpassing beauty in the months of August and September. In all the splendor of their nuptial coloring of olive and white and purple and gold and fiery red may be seen hundreds of these most beautiful of God's finny creatures, impelled by the instincts of connubial desire and a natural sense of the duty of reproducing their kind. Here I have seen a securely hooked fish so closely attended by its amorous mate that the latter permitted itself to be taken in the landing-net to which the angler was towing the other.

All the smaller tributaries of the large rivers flowing into Lake St. John are famous trout streams, and so are the waters within the limits of the Laurentides National Park. This famous preserve contains 2640 square miles. Roughly speaking, it includes all the central portion of the territory enclosed between the townships bordering on Lake St. John to the north, and along the St. Lawrence to the south, that skirt the Saguenay on the east, and stretch on the west to the limits leased to various fish and game clubs on the eastern side of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. It encloses the head-waters of the rivers Montmorenci, Jacques-Cartier, Ste. Anne de la Perade, Batiscan, Metabetchouan, Upikauba, Chicoutimi, Murray, and many others. These are, beyond any question, amongst the finest trout streams of the world, and the protection now accorded them will keep them so. One catch that was exhibited in 1897 included a dozen fish running in weight from five to nine pounds each. Catches almost as marvellous occur from time to time in other northern Canadian waters, outside the limits of the protected park. Messrs. A. N. Cheney, State Fish-Culturist of New York, and W. F. Rathbone, of Albany, took twenty-five speckled trout on the fly in September, 1897, that weighed in all 101¼ pounds. Ten of Mr. Cheney's fish weighed 45½ pounds, and ten of Mr. Rathbone's 41 pounds. This catch was made in the river Moisie, at the outlet of the lake of the same name, upon the territory of the Triton Fish and Game Club. The tract leased from the government by this club is some five hundred miles square, and contains 320,000 acres. Many of its lakes are yet unknown, but nearly two hundred of them have already been mapped. The club is composed almost entirely of American anglers, and has a ten-thousand-dollar club-house upon its territory. There are any number of such clubs in northern Canada, and some of them control even more Canadian territory than the Triton does. Their protection of the fish and game in the tracts that they lease insures their continuance. Nor is there any reason to dread the locking up in the hands of clubs and other lessees of all the available north-country trout waters. Mr. A. P. Low, the intrepid Labrador explorer, reports that in the far-away Hamilton River, above the Grand Falls, there is the finest trout-fishing in Canada.

The magnificent Canadian sea trout that are taken in the St. Lawrence in July and August, and also in the estuaries of salmon streams, are structurally identical with *Salmo fontinalis*, and although honored with a variety of scientific names by schoolmen, are apparently our old friend the speckled trout, who ran away to sea, to return larger and more lusty from feeding upon the flesh-pots of the briny deep, and brighter and more silvery in color, like a salmon freshly run from its late salt-water habitat. These sea trout rise greedily to the angler's salmon flies, and afford splendid sport when fought upon a grilse rod.

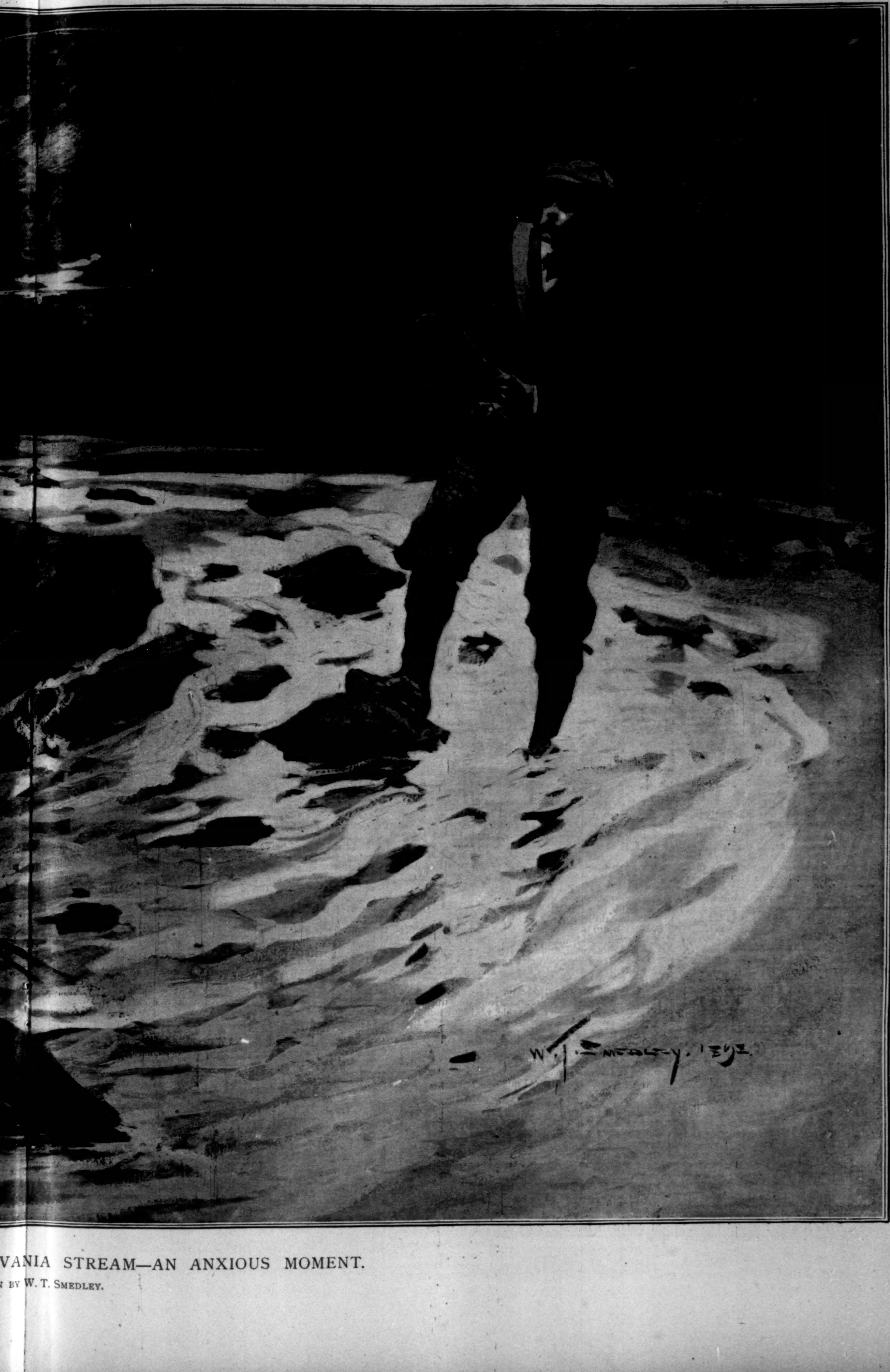
The influence of American sportsmen upon Canadian angling methods and equipments is already very marked. Fifteen years ago a split-bamboo rod was quite a novelty to a Canadian. Now it is found upon every lake and stream, and is sold in all the tackle-shops of Quebec and Montreal. Greenheart and lancewood are still largely used, however, and the steel rod has also its advocates; but Canadians, like Americans, are learning how much more of lightness and elasticity there is in a well-made cane rod, and how materially its use contributes to the full enjoyment of fly fishing.

The flies that kill fontinalis in the Eastern States, such as the Parmachenee belle, the Beaverkill, the professor, the Jenny Lind, the Jock Scot, and the blue and silver doctors, are equally successful in Canadian waters. Many of them, however, are too good for the purpose. The doctors and the Jock Scot are no better killers on the majority of Northern lakes and rivers than are the hackles, grizzly king, professor, Parmachenee belle, coachman, Montreal, and many other flies that cost but one-tenth of the money that the small salmon flies bring. They are not by any means epicures, these beautiful, wild, uneducated trout. They seize with avidity such combinations of silk and feather as few would venture to offer to their English or Long Island congeners. Except in the clearest of water and the warmest weather, they readily rise to lures as large as salmon flies. Their game qualities cannot be overrated. I have killed salmon in rivers upon both sides of the St. Lawrence, yet never have I had the king of fresh-water fish take the fly in the same gamy manner as fontinalis often does. *Salmo salar* has the advantage of size and weight on his side, and consequently can make a more protracted fight than his smaller cousin. His runs are of course much longer, much more exciting, and generally more numerous than those of the trout, and he throws himself higher and oftener out of the water in his efforts to escape. But he almost invariably sucks in the fly from below, while the brook trout will spring high out of the water for the gay deceit, describing, in his descent upon the fly, that peculiarly beautiful curve so familiar to Northern anglers and to lovers of the canvases of Brackett and Pope and Kilbourne and Frost. And what a battle royal does then ensue! What a variety of resources does the captive summon to his aid! How he makes for the rapid water that lends force to his struggles! Now he runs at such a pace that the reel sings again, and the angler's heart is in his throat as he contemplates the possibility of having to yield all his surplus line. The firm but gentle pressure of the rod—now as crescent-shaped as was the fish when it leaped in air, has stopped his run, and he may either repeat his skyward somersaults or double on his former course, and make another desperate effort to escape by endeavoring to secure the slack of the line. Now he is down in a dozen feet of water, tugging at the line with all the energy of despair, and shaking his head violently in desperate efforts to be free. This is indeed an anxious moment for the angler if he has failed properly to test his flies before he risked a cast where big fish are apt to be found. He has other things to think of, too. If there be rocks about the pool, his experience has taught him that fontinalis will make an effort to wind the line about them, and so gain time and opportunity to disengage himself, if possible, from the hook. If there be logs or sticks or weeds or overhanging bushes within reasonable distance, he is as sure to make for them as a fox to run to cover. If the fishing be from boat or canoe, he is certain to endeavor to dart under it. But if the angler's ingenuity prove equal to that of his fish, and if the hook still holds and the casting-line is what it ought to be, a pretty vision may soon be his. Nearer and nearer to the surface of the water rises the shadowy form of the big fish, the white-pencilled margins of the under fins assisting to mark its graceful course in gradually diminishing circles. Now you may give it the butt! Gently, though, for although the pressure drew the beautiful object toward you on its side, disclosing the red and white of its under surface, and contributing to the belief that the fight was at an end, the sight of the landing-net has inspired the fish with new life, the reel once more makes merry music, and the lately exhausted victim of your artifice takes another excited run or a straight deep dive towards the bottom of the pool. The struggle is not likely now to be of very great duration, and if the netting is rightly done, the battle of the strong will soon be over, and on the bottom of your canoe or upon the greensward beside you your eyes may feast upon the very loveliest picture in the entire album of finny nature, and your heart be full of thankfulness that such beautiful prizes are within your reach.



TROUT-FISHING IN A PENNSYLVAN

DRAWN BY


W. T. SMEDLEY. 1892.

VANIA STREAM—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

N BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE UNDER SIDE.

AND from the Middle Class Quarter they presently passed by the moving ways into a remote quarter of the city, where the bulk of the manufacturing was done. On their way the platforms crossed the Thames twice, and passed in a broad viaduct across one of the great roads that entered the city from the north. In both cases his impression was swift, and in both very vivid. The river was a broad wrinkled glitter of black water, overarched by buildings, and vanishing either way into a blackness starred with receding lights. A string of black barges passed seaward, manned by blue-clad men. The road was a long and very broad and high tunnel, along which big-wheeled machines drove noiselessly and swiftly. Here, too, the distinctive blue of the Labor Company was in abundance. The smoothness of the double tracks, the largeness and the lightness of the big pneumatic wheels in proportion to the vehicular body, struck Graham most vividly. One lank and very high carriage, with longitudinal metallic rods hung with the carcasses of many hundred sheep, arrested his attention unduly. Abruptly the edge of the archway cut and blotted out the picture.

Presently they left the way and descended by a lift and traversed a passage that sloped downward, and so came to a descending lift again. The appearance of things changed. Even the pretence of architectural ornament disappeared, the lights diminished in number and size, as the factory quarters were reached. And in the dusty biscuit-making place of the potters, among the felspar-mills, in the furnace-rooms of the metal-workers, among the incandescent lakes of crude Eadhamite, the blue canvas clothing was on men, women, and children.

Many of these great and dusty galleries were silent avenues of machinery; endless ashen furnaces testified to the revolutionary dislocation; but wherever there was work, it was being done by slow-moving workers in blue canvas. The only people not in blue canvas were the overlookers of the work-places and the orange-clad Labor Police. And fresh from the flushed faces of the dancing-halls, the voluntary vigors of the business quarters, Graham could note the pinched faces, the feeble muscles, and weary eyes of many of the latter-day workers. Such as he saw at work were noticeably inferior in physique to the few gayly dressed managers and forewomen who were directing their labors. The burly laborers of the old Victorian times had followed the dray-horse and all such living force-producers to extinction; the place of his costly muscles was taken by some dexterous machine. The latter-day laborer, male as well as female, was essentially a machine minder and feeder, a servant and attendant, or an artist—under direction. The women, in comparison with those Graham remembered, were, as a class, distinctly plain and flat-chested. Two hundred years of emancipation from the moral restraints of Puritanical religion, two hundred years of city life, had done their work in eliminating the strain of feminine beauty and vigor from the blue-canvas myriads. To be brilliant, physically or mentally, to be in any way attractive or exceptional, had been and was still a certain way of emancipation to the drudge, a line of escape to the Pleasure City and its splendors and delights, and at last to the Euthanasy and peace. In the young cities of his former life the newly aggregated laboring mass had been a diverse multitude, still stirred by the tradition of personal honor and a high morality; now it was differentiating into a distinct class, with a physical difference of its own—even with a dialect of its own.

They penetrated downwards towards the working-places. Presently they passed underneath one of the streets of the moving ways, and saw its platforms running on their rails far overhead, and chinks of white light between the transverse slits. The factories that were not working were sparsely lighted; to Graham they and their shrouded aisles of giant machines seemed plunged in gloom; and even where work was going on the illumination was far less brilliant than upon the public ways.

Beyond the blazing lakes of Eadhamite he came to the warren of the jewellers, and with some difficulty and by using his signature obtained admission to these galleries. They were high and dark and rather cold. In the first, men were making ornaments of gold filigree, each man at a little bench by himself, and with a little shaded light. The long vista of light patches, with the nimble fingers brightly lit and moving among the gleaming yellow coils, and the intent face, like the face of a ghost, in each shadow had the oddest effect. The work was beautifully executed, but without any strength of modelling or drawing, for the most part intricate grotesques, or the ringing of the changes on a geometrical *motif*. These workers wore a peculiar white uniform without pockets or sleeves. They assumed this on coming to work, but at night they were stripped and examined before they left the premises of the company. In spite of every precaution, the Labor policeman told them, in a depressed tone, the company was not infrequently robbed.

Beyond was a gallery of women busied in cutting and setting slabs of artificial ruby, and next these were men and women busied together upon the slabs of copper net that formed the basis of *cloisonné* tiles. Many of these workers had lips and nostrils a livid white, due to a disease caused by a peculiar purple enamel that chanced to be much in fashion. Asano apologized to Graham for the offence of their faces, but excused himself on the score of the convenience of this route. "This is what I wanted to see," said Graham; "this is what I wanted to see," trying to avoid a start at a particularly striking disfigurement that suddenly stared him in the face.

They continued along one of the lower galleries of this *cloisonné* factory, and came to a little bridge that spanned a vault. Looking over the parapet, Graham saw that beneath was a wharf under tremendous archings—archings like those of a Gargantuan cellar. Three barges, smothered in floury dust, were being unloaded of their cargoes of powdered felspar by a multitude of coughing men, each guiding a little truck; the dust filled the place with a choking mist, and turned the electric glare yellow. The vague shadows of these workers gesticulated about their feet, and rushed to and fro against a long stretch of white-washed wall. A shadowy, huge mass of masonry, rising out of the inky water, brought to Graham's mind the thought of the multitude of ways and galleries and lifts that rose floor above floor overhead between him and the sky. The men worked in silence under the supervision of two of the Labor Police; their feet made a hollow thunder on the planks along which they went to and fro. And as he looked at this scene, some voice hidden in the darkness began to sing.

"Stop that!" shouted one of the policemen; but the order was disobeyed, and first one and then all the white-stained men who were working there had taken up the beating refrain, singing it defiantly—the song of the revolt. The feet upon the planks thundered now to the rhythm of the song—tramp, tramp, tramp. The policeman who had shouted glanced at his fellow, and Graham saw him shrug his shoulders. He made no further effort to stop the singing.

And so they went through these factories and places of toil, seeing many painful and grim things. But why should the gentle reader be depressed? Surely to a refined mind our present world is distressing enough without our bothering ourselves about the miseries to come. That walk left on Graham's mind a maze of memories, fluctuating pictures of swathed halls, and crowded vaults seen through clouds of dust, of intricate machines, the racing threads of looms, the heavy beat of stamping machinery, the roar and rattle of belt and armature, of ill-lit subterranean aisles of sleeping-places, illimitable vistas of pin-point lights. And here the smell of tanning, and here the reek of a brewery. And everywhere were pillars and cross-archings of such a massiveness as Graham had never before seen; thick Titans of greasy, shining brick-work crushed beneath the vast weight of that complex city world, even as these anæmic millions were crushed by its complexity. And everywhere were pale features, lean limbs, disfigurement, and degradation.

Once and again, and again a third time, Graham heard the song of the revolt during his long unpleasant research in these places, and once he saw a confused struggle down a passage, and learnt that a number of these serfs had seized their bread before their work was done. Graham was ascending towards the ways again, when he saw a number of blue-clad children running down a transverse passage, and presently perceived the reason of their panic in a company of the Labor Police, armed with clubs, trotting towards some unknown disturbance. And then came a remote disorder. But for the most part this remnant that worked, worked hopelessly. All the spirit that was left in fallen humanity was above in the streets that night, calling for the Master, and valiantly and noisily keeping its arms.

They emerged from these wanderings, and stood blinking in the bright light of the middle passage of the platforms again. They became aware of the remote hooting and yelping of the machines of one of the General Intelligence Offices, and suddenly came men running, and along the platforms and about the ways everywhere was a shouting and crying. "What has happened now?" said Graham, puzzled, for he could not understand their thick speech. But the thing that every one was shouting, that men yelled to one another, that women took up screaming, that was passing like the first breeze of a thunderstorm, chill and sudden, through the city, was this: "Ostrog has ordered the Black Police to London. The Black Police are coming from South Africa. The Master is to be guarded by the Black Police." Asano hesitated, came to some swift decision, and told him the thing they cried.

Graham heard some one shouting, "Stop all work; stop all work," and a swarthy hunchback, ridiculously gay in green and gold, came leaping down the platforms towards him, bawling again and again, in good English: "This is Ostrog's doing—Ostrog the knave! The Master is betrayed!"

For a moment Graham stood still, for it came upon him that these things were a dream. He looked up at the great cliff of buildings on either side, vanishing into blue haze at last above the lights, and down to the roaring tiers of platforms, and the shouting, running people who were gesticulating past. "The Master is betrayed!" they cried. "The Master is betrayed!" Suddenly the situation shaped itself in his mind: Ostrog had disobeyed. His heart began to beat fast and strong.

"It has come," he said. "I might have known. The hour has come."

He looked at Asano in sudden doubt.

"I did not know," said Asano, simply, "or I would have told you. For I am on your side, Master, and not on Ostrog's. I have made my choice. I am on your side."

Graham thought swiftly. "If you are against me—" he said, and left the sentence unfinished. "What am I to do?"

"Go back to the Council House," said Asano.

"Why not appeal—? The people are here."

"You will lose time. They will doubt if it is you. But they will mass about the Council House. There you will find their leaders. Your strength is there—with them."

"Suppose this is only a rumor?"

"It sounds true," said Asano.

"Let us have the facts," asked Graham.

Asano shrugged his shoulders. "We had better get towards the Council House," he cried. "That is where they will swarm. Even now the ruins may be impassable."

They went up the stepped platforms to the swifter one, and there Asano accosted a laborer. The answers to his questions were in the thick vulgar speech.

"What did he say?" asked Graham.

"He knows little, but he told me that the Black Police would have arrived here before the people knew—had not some one in the wind-vane offices learnt. He said a girl."

"A girl? Not—?"

"He said a girl,—who came out from the Council House, crying aloud, and told the men at work among the ruins."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE ATLAS CHAMBER.

AS Asano and Graham hurried along the ways to the ruins about the Council House they saw everywhere the excitement of the people rising. Everywhere men and women in blue were hurrying from unknown subterranean employments up the staircases of the middle path; at one place Graham saw an arsenal of the revolutionary committee besieged by a crowd of shouting men; at another a couple of men in the hated yellow uniform of the Labor Police, pursued by a gathering crowd, fled precipitately along the swift way that went in the opposite direction.

The cries of "No niggers!" "Curse the niggers!" and "The Master is betrayed!" became at last a continuous shouting as they drew near the government quarter. Many of the shouts were unintelligible. "Ostrog has betrayed us!" one man bawled, in a hoarse voice, again and again, dinning that refrain into Graham's ear until it haunted him. This person staid close beside Graham and Asano on the swift way, shouting to the people who swarmed on the lower platforms as he rushed past them. Presently he went leaping down and disappeared.

The way to the Council House across the ruins was impassable, but Asano met that difficulty, and took Graham into the premises of the central post-office. The post-office was nominally at work, but the blue-clothed porters moved sluggishly, or had stopped to stare through the arches of their galleries at the shouting men who were going by outside. Here, by Asano's advice, Graham revealed his identity. They crossed at once to the Council House by a cable cradle. Already, in the brief interval since the capitulation of the Councillors, a great change had been wrought in the appearance of the ruins. The spurting cascades of the ruptured water-mains had been captured and tamed, and huge temporary pipes ran overhead along a flimsy-looking fabric of girders. The sky was laced with the cables and wires that served the Council House, and a mass of new fabric, with great cranes and other building-machines going to and fro upon it, projected to the left of the white pile.

The moving ways that ran across this area had been restored, albeit for once running under the open sky. These were the ways that Graham had seen from the little balcony in the hour of his awakening, not nine days since, and the hall of his trance had been on the farther side, where shapeless piles of smashed and shattered masonry were now heaped together.

It was already high day and the sun was shining brightly. Out of their tall caverns of blue electric light came the swift ways, crowded with multitudes of people, who poured off them and gathered ever denser over the wreckage and confusion of the ruins. The air was full of their shouting, and they were pressing and swaying towards the central building. For the most part that shouting blue mass consisted of shapeless swarms, but here and there Graham could see that a rude discipline struggled to establish itself.

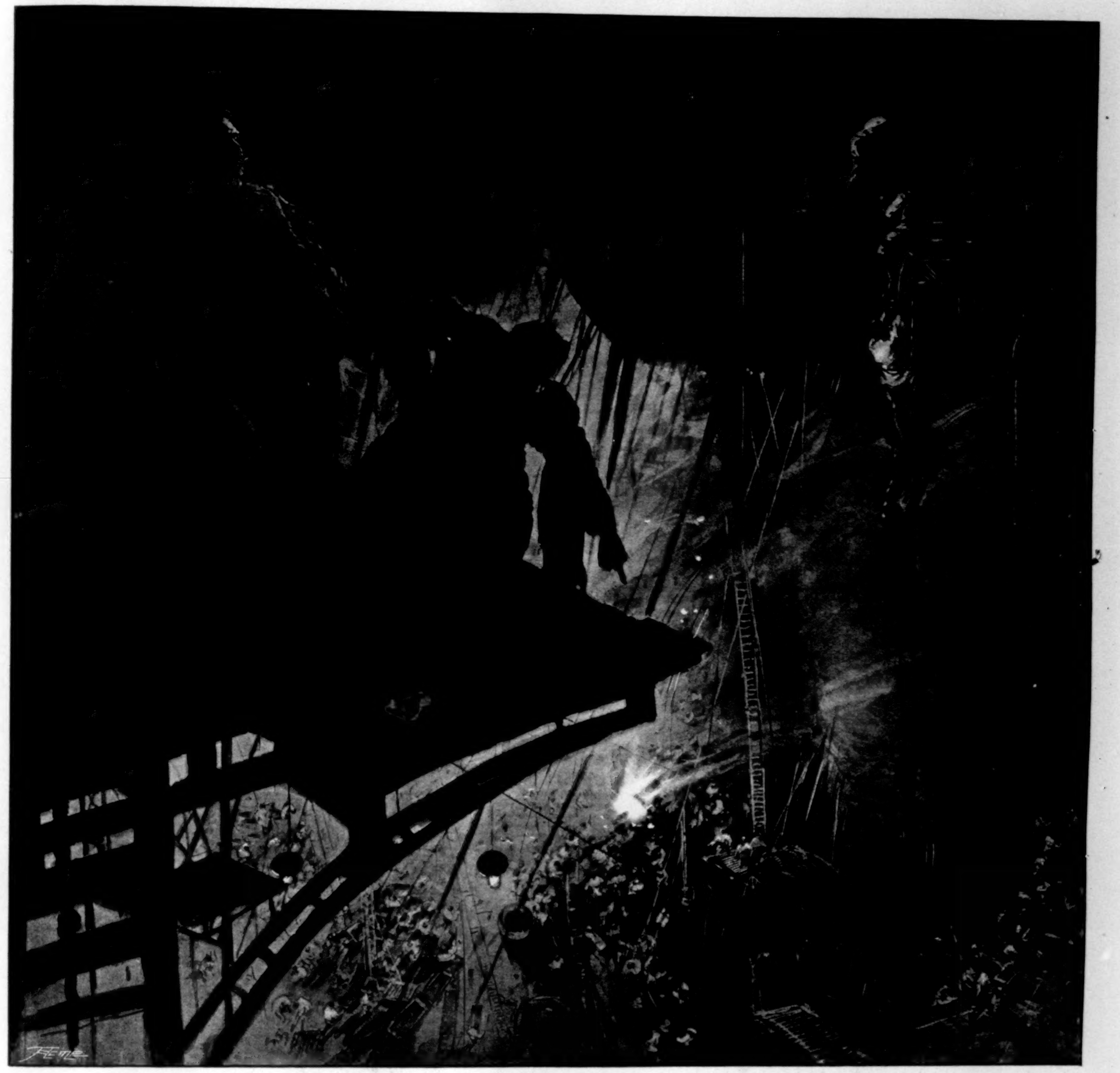
The cable carried them into a hall which Graham recognized as the antechamber to the Hall of the Atlas, about the gallery of which he had walked days ago with Howard to show himself to the vanished Council, an hour from his awakening. Now the place was empty, except for two cable attendants, who seemed hugely astonished to recognize the Sleeper in the man who swung down from the cross-seat. "Where is Helen Wotton?" he demanded. "Where is Helen Wotton?" They did not know. "Then where is Ostrog? I must see Ostrog forthwith. He has disobeyed me. I have come back to take things out of his hands." Without waiting for Asano, he went straight across the place, ascended the steps at the farther end, and pulling the curtain aside, found himself facing the white Titan.

The hall was empty. Its appearance had changed very greatly since his first sight of it. It had suffered serious injury in the violent struggle of the first outbreak. On the right-hand side of the great figure the upper half of the wall had been torn away for nearly two hundred feet of its length, and a sheet of the same glassy green film that had enclosed Graham at his awakening had been drawn across the gap. This deadened but did not altogether exclude the roar of the people outside. Through it there were visible the beams and supports of metal scaffoldings that rose and fell according to the requirements of a great crowd of workmen. A dexterous, loud-hissing building-machine, with lank arms of red-painted metal that caught the still plastic blocks of mineral paste and swung them neatly into position, moved at intervals across this green-tinted picture. For a moment he stood regarding these things, and Asano overtook him.

"Ostrog," said Asano, "will be in the small offices beyond there." They had scarcely advanced ten paces from the curtain before a little panel to the left of the Atlas rolled up, and Ostrog, accompanied by Lincoln and fol-

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.



"HE SAW A CONFUSED STRUGGLE DOWN A PASSAGE."

lowed by two black and yellow attendants, appeared crossing the remote corner of the hall, towards a second panel that was raised and open. "Ostrog!" shouted Graham; and at the sound of his voice the little party turned. Ostrog said something to Lincoln and advanced alone.

Graham was the first to speak. "What is this I hear?" he asked. "Are you bringing negroes here—to keep the people down?"

"It is none too soon," said Ostrog. "They have been getting out of hand more and more since the revolt. I underestimated—"

"Do you mean that these negroes are on the way?"

"They may be starting now. As it is, you have seen the people—outside?"

"No wonder! But—after what was said. You have taken too much on yourself, Ostrog."

Ostrog said nothing.

"The negroes must not come to London," said Graham.

Ostrog glanced at Lincoln, who at once came towards them, with his two attendants close behind him. Asano drew close to Graham. "Why not?" asked Ostrog.

"White men must be mastered by white men."

"The negroes are only an instrument."

"But that is not the question. I am the Master. I mean to be the Master. And I say these negroes shall not come."

"The people—"

"I believe in the people."

"Because you are an anachronism. You are a man out of the past—an accident. You are owner perhaps of half the property in the world. But you are not Master. You do not know enough to be Master."

Ostrog glanced at Lincoln again. "I know now what you think—I can guess something of what you mean to do. Even now it is not too late to warn you. You dream of human equality—of a socialistic order—you have all those worn-out dreams of the nineteenth century fresh and vivid in your mind, and you would rule this age that you do not understand."

"Listen!" said Graham. "You can hear it—a sound like the sea. Not voices, but a voice. Do *you* altogether understand?"

"We taught them that song," said Ostrog.

"Perhaps. Can you teach them to forget it? But enough of this! These negroes must not come."

There was a pause, and Ostrog looked him in the eyes.

"They will," he said.

"I forbid it," said Graham.

"No," said Ostrog. "Sorry as I am to follow the method of the Council— For your own good—you must not side with—Disorder."

Lincoln laid his hand on Graham's shoulder.

Then—Asano had stepped forward and thrown Lincoln's arm aside. Something flashed, and Graham saw this something was a razorlike blade, fantastically engraved, that the little Japanese had drawn. Lincoln recoiled; the attendants seemed to hesitate.

"Go back!" said Asano very quickly to Graham. "Go back. You are in his hands here. Get back to the people."

For a moment Graham did not understand. Then he saw Ostrog's face. "Look!" he said; and Asano half turned as Ostrog gripped the wrist and throat of the Japanese.

Graham suddenly understood Asano. He turned towards the curtains that separated the hall from the antechamber. The clutching hand of one of the black and yellow attendants intervened. In another moment Lincoln had grasped his cloak. He turned and struck at Lincoln's face, and incontinently an attendant had him by collar and arm. He wrenched himself away, his sleeve tore noisily, and he stumbled back, to be tripped by the other man. As he went down he saw Asano's knife descend on Ostrog's wrist, and then he was staring at the distant ceiling of the hall.

He rolled over, struggling fiercely, and suddenly one of the attendants shrieked and went down under Asano, with the knife driving the blood before it through the side of the neck. The other attendant sprang to secure the blade, and Graham struggled to his feet.

Lincoln appeared before him, and went down heavily again with a blow under the point of the jaw. Graham made two strides, stumbled. And then Ostrog's arm, dripping blood, was round his neck, he was pulled over backward, fell heavily, and his arms were pinned to the ground. After a few violent efforts he ceased to struggle, and lay staring at Ostrog's heaving throat and wondering what had become of Asano.

"You—are—a prisoner," panted Ostrog.

Graham tried to see what had happened to Asano, and turning his head, perceived through the irregular green window in the walls of the hall the men who had been working the building-cranes gesticulating excitedly to people unseen. A bullet smashed among the mouldings above the Atlas. The two sheets of transparent matter that had been stretched across this gap were rent, the edges of the torn aperture darkened, curved, ran rapidly towards the frame-work, and in a moment the Council Chamber stood open to the air. A chilly gust blew in by the gap, bringing with it a war of voices from the ruinous spaces without, an elvish babblement—"Save the Master!" "What are they doing?" "The Master is betrayed!"

And then he realized that Ostrog's attention was distracted, that Ostrog's grip had relaxed, and wrenching his arms free, he struggled to his knees. In another moment he had thrust Ostrog back, and he was on one foot, his hand gripping Ostrog's throat, and Ostrog's hands clutching the silk about his neck.

But now men were coming towards them from beyond the dais—men whose intentions he misunderstood. He had a glimpse of some one running in the distance towards the curtains of the antechamber, and then Ostrog had slipped from him, and these new-comers were upon him. They thrust and pulled him, to his infinite astonishment. They obeyed the shouts of Ostrog.

He was lugged a dozen yards before he realized that they were dragging him towards the open panel. When he saw this he pulled back; he tried to fling himself down; he shouted for help with all his strength. There were answering cries.

The grip upon his neck relaxed, and, behold! in the lower corner of the rent upon the wall, first one and then a number of little black figures appeared, shouting and waving arms. They came leaping down from the gap into the light gallery that had led to the Silent Rooms. They ran along it, so near that Graham could see the weapons in their hands. Then Ostrog was shouting in his ear to the men who held him, and once more he was struggling with all his strength against their endeavors to thrust him towards the opening that yawned to receive him. "They can't come down!" shouted Ostrog. "They daren't fire. It's all right. We'll save him from them yet."

For long minutes, as it seemed to Graham, that inglorious struggle continued. He flung himself down to gain time. His clothes were rent in a dozen places; he was covered in dust; one hand had been trodden upon. He could hear the shouts of his supporters, and once he heard shots. He was dragged along the floor.

He could feel his strength giving way, feel his efforts wild and aimless. But no help came, and surely, irresistibly, that black yawning opening came nearer.

The pressure upon him relaxed, and he struggled up. He saw Ostrog's gray head receding, and perceived that he was no longer held. He turned about, and came full into a man in black. One of the green weapons cracked close to him, a drift of pungent smoke came into his face, and a steel blade flashed. He saw a man in pale blue stabbing one of the black and yellow attendants not three yards from his face. Then hands were upon him again. He was being pulled in two directions now. It seemed as though people were shouting indistinguishable things to him. Some one was clutching about his thighs; he was being hoisted in spite of his earnest efforts. He understood suddenly; he ceased to struggle. He was lifted up on men's shoulders and carried away from that devouring panel. A thousand throats were cheering.

He saw men in blue and black hurrying towards this—and firing after the retreating Ostrogites. Lifted up, he saw now across the whole expanse of the hall beneath the Atlas image, saw that he was being carried towards the raised platform in the centre of the place. The far end of the hall was already full of people running towards him. They were looking at him and cheering.

He became aware that a sort of body-guard surrounded him. Active men about him shouted vague orders. He saw close at hand the black-mustached man in yellow who had been among those who had greeted him in the public theatre, shouting directions. The hall was already densely packed with swaying people, the little metal gallery sagged with a shouting load, the curtains at the end had been torn away, and the antechamber was revealed, densely crowded. He could scarcely make the man near him hear for the tumult all about them. "Where is Ostrog?" he asked.

The man he questioned pointed over the heads towards the lower panels about the hall on the side opposite the gap. They stood open, and armed men were running through them and vanishing into the chambers and passages beyond. It seemed to Graham that a sound of firing drifted through the riot. He was carried in a staggering curve across the great hall towards an opening beneath the gap.

He perceived men working with a sort of rude discipline to keep the crowd off him, to make a space clear about him. He passed out of the hall, and saw a crude new wall rising blankly before him, topped by blue sky. He was swung to his feet; some one gripped his arm and guided him. He found the man in yellow close at hand. They were taking him up a narrow stairway of brick, and close at hand rose the great red painted masses, the cranes and levers and the throbbing engines of the now inactive building machine.

He was at the top of the steps. He was hurried across a narrow railed footway, and suddenly with a vast shouting the amphitheatre of ruins opened again before him. "The Master is with us! The Master! The Master!" The shout swept athwart the lake of faces like a wave, broke against the distant cliff of ruins, and came back in a welter of cries. "The Master is on our side!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONCERNING GOLF IN HOLLAND.

By James Cunningham

I WAS working my way through the Dutch pictures in the Rotterdam gallery, steering my course by the stars in Baedeker, and I arrived at No. 263, by "Jan Steen (1626–79 A.D.), Feast of St. Nicolas"—a family group. This picture I was doggedly examining when I was surprised to notice in the centre of the canvas the figure of a little boy who holds in his hand an undoubted golf-club. Now Jan Steen is not an artist who deals in broad effects; when, for example, he paints you the graceful curves of a potato peeling, there can be no doubt in your mind as to what sort of vegetable the peeling belongs to. There is the same perfect fidelity about this drawing of a golf-club. It is a boy's driver, with a long head, rather of the Hugh Philp or prebulger shape, and reddish in color; the head is nicely "whipped" to a thin shaft with black string. There is a grip of leather, or similar stuff, and there are two small round black marks in the face about an inch apart, resembling the ends of two small pins driven into the wood. The club is about the right length for the boy, who is holding it above his head. I feel sure that that boy played golf; for though there are more ways of wielding a golf-club than of making tribal lays, only one of them is right, and the boy has it.

In one hand he holds a small round gray object, manifestly a golf-ball. The house in which the family party is gathered is that of a cobbler, who, by-the-way, appears very much bored by the festive occasion; he probably was the maker of the ball, which was, no doubt, covered with leather. The little boy, in fact, has received a golf club and ball as his present from Santa Claus.

In the large Ryks Museum of Amsterdam I looked in vain for pictures of golfing scenes, nor could I find there any specimens of club or ball in the collections of Netherland antiquities.

The well-known picture-gallery in Amsterdam, however, belonging to the Six family contains a picture by Peter van Hoogh (1630–77), in which there is a golf-club; it is in the hands of a little girl, who is playing golf while her elders look on. The club is inferior in make to the other, and is probably intended to be used with a lighter ball. The obliging and intelligent servant who shows this collection to visitors, on being questioned, began describing a game still played in Holland, which, however, turned out to be the "tame, villatic" croquet. On his attention being called to the difference between a golf-club and a croquet-mallet, he told me that some years ago he had made a club like the one in the picture for his master's children, forming shaft and head out of one piece of wood. In order to prevent the head from splitting (*caput gehen*), he had driven into it two pegs of hard wood. These are the round marks in Jan Steen's club face.

Still keeping my eyes open for traces of golf in Holland, I arrived at Middelburg, in Walcheren, a delightful old-fashioned Dutch town. Near it lies Veere, now one of the decayed burgs of Holland, once a busy seaport, carrying on a considerable trade with Leith, Edinburgh, and the Fife coast towns. It seemed likely that there might be found here some record of the trade in golf-balls, which, in the reign of James VI. (*vide* A. Lang's *Golf*, in Badminton Library), were imported into Scotland from Holland; and, indeed, in the town-hall are still preserved old documents relating to the Scottish trade. The custodian, who seemed also to be the police force of the faded burg, was very ready to tell all he knew about these papers, and his knowledge is pretty full, for he is engaged in copying out for historical purposes the old contracts made with Scottish merchants. He told me, amongst other things, that a person bearing my own name had been burgemeester of Veere in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He may have been a golfer too—God rest his soul!

At Middelburg I made the acquaintance of Mr. den Boer, a bookseller of that town, who informed me that a game called kolf (pronounced gol-f) was played there in a sort of court or alley belonging to a club, to which he kindly introduced me.

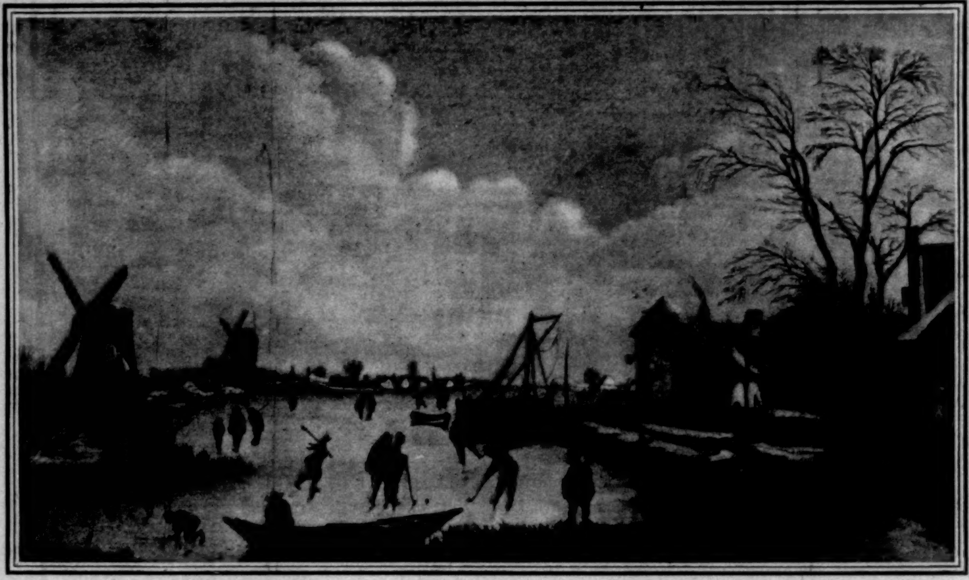
This is the game of which Mr. Lang, in Badminton, has quoted a description taken from *The Statistical Account of Scotland, 1795.*

Concerning this game, Mr. Lang observes, "There is no specific resemblance whatever between golf and the Dutch game called kolf." This is true as regards the mode of playing the game, though the clubs and balls used are simply the golfer's iron putter and feather ball of brobdingnagian proportions. An etching by Rembrandt in the British Museum represents a man, seen through a window, who is playing this game. This form of "kolf" must therefore be at least as old as the seventeenth century. Whatever may be the origin of this somewhat effeminate sport, whether it was a bastard form of golf-made-comfortable, or a game of independent growth, it seems certain that there was played for many centuries in Holland another Dutch game of golf, "het kolven," which closely resembled the real article as we know it now.

Mr. J. Ter Gouw, in his book on Dutch sports, *De Volksvermaken*, claims that "a game called 'het kolven' is a real game of the father-land; it had Holland for its birth-place and home, and it was unknown to Germans, French, or English, except so far as they had seen it in Holland." It is certainly a very ancient sport in that country. There is a statute of the town of Naarden, dating from the fifteenth century, to this effect: "No one is allowed in the churches or church-yards to play with golf-clubs [*doen mit kolven*] or balls or at ball-throwing." It may seem to us that a *church* is an odd place in which to golf, except perhaps on hot Sunday afternoons in imagination during the sermon; but the large vacant floor spaces and empty intercolumniation, for which Batavian ecclesiastical architecture has sometimes been censured, must be kept in mind, and the spacious floor of a pre-Reformation edifice, unencumbered with pews, such, *e. g.*, as the cathedral at Haarlem, would provide a suitable place in all weathers for some sort of putting game, probably with small pins (*paaltjes*) instead of holes. The same may be said of the church-yard and its walks, with the additional advantage that smoking and strong language might there go forward unrestrained. There are in the town church of St. Andrews waste *spaces*, popularly called the believers' galleries, whither the preacher's voice and eye do not penetrate. If Tom Morris were employed to lay out *these* as putting-greens, it might solve the question of Sunday golf.

Even a century earlier than the Naarden statute, according to Ter Gouw—that is, in the fourteenth century—this game, "het kolven," had been forbidden in certain parts of Amsterdam, probably on account of danger to the lieges.

Bredero was a Dutch poet, born at Amsterdam 1585, died 1618. In his "Moortje," a comedy founded on Terence's "Eunuchus," he introduces a peppery old gentleman who is standing on the ice watching some golfers. The old man grumbles in this wise: "On my right hand a good man's wife [*i. e.*, a "lady"] got a golf-ball on her pate. Had I the power for once, I should certainly forbid it." From this it appears that the balls were probably small and light, and that they flew to some distance. It appears, from the pictures now reproduced of Van Ostade and Vandrever, that Dutch golfers did not mind playing into a crowd. Both the striker and the about-to-be-struck seem as indifferent to the danger as if they were Christian Scientists. In the same poem occurs a line, "He also got a golf-club [kolfje] from Klaesje Buytenaer [probably the sixteenth-century Hugh Philp] without knot and without crack." Here the diminutive form of *kolf*, *kolfje*, a little club, is used, just as I have often heard in the east of Scotland a golf-club called a gowfie. ("Kolf," in Dutch, is pronounced almost exactly like our "golf" if the l is sounded; not "goff," as the game is now usually called, but gol-f, as it was pronounced a generation ago in Scotland.) From this line it appears that the club was small, of somewhat slender make, and of wood. Grabner, an old writer on sports, praises golf as a very pleasant and healthy game, since it was mostly played in the open air, and sharpened the eye.



GOLFING ON THE ICE AT SANDVLIET, HOLLAND.
FROM A WOOD-CUT OF A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VANDREVER (ABOUT 1673).

The poet Le Francq Van Berkhey (Leiden. 1729) found, as Professor Tait in our day, that the game was not only amusing but instructive, since it provided material for scientific research in calculating the curves described by the ball.

These notices serve to show that a game called "het kolven" was known in Holland from a very remote antiquity, and still practised down to the eighteenth century.

The game was practised on various sorts of ground—in churches and church-yards, on the tops and sides of the broad grassy dykes, along the roads, where they were open enough, and, in winter, on the ice.

The earliest representation of authentic golf yet discovered is the Flemish miniature (1500–1510) reproduced in the *Illustrated London News* of June 9, 1894, and described by Mr. Mayhew. The "course" is a field surrounded by palings. There are three players, each having only one club. One player has teed and is "addressing" his ball, but from his "stayed" grip and the look of his club he does not seem to be meditating a full drive. One of the other players is "holing out." The attitude of the latter may be recommended to the notice of a distinguished golfer and author, whose grip of the putter seems to get lower and lower, becoming more and more deadly as it descends. Etymological speculation is as unsafe as it is fascinating, but it may be of significance that the Dutch word for a hole is "put," from which one is tempted to derive our word "putt," which used to be pronounced "poot."

In a picture attributed to Van Ostade and owned by the late Colonel Boothby (a reproduction of it appears in the Badminton Book of Golf), and in the picture by Vandrever reproduced here, the game is being played on the ice.

It is improbable that there could ever have been anything like our golf links in Holland. The only likely place for them would be the dunes which protect the west coast from the sea, such as those of Zandvoort, or of Domburg in Walcheren; but these do not appear on inspection to be suitable. The grass is too sparse and too coarse, the surface of the ground too hummocky. They would provide admirable bunkers, it is true, but nothing else. Then, the inland parts of Holland are given over to grain-growing and fat pasture-land, and were probably always too valuable for golfing purposes, even had they been suitable. Holland, indeed, might be described as a vast cow-park, protected from the sea by a line of bunkers and dams—two necessary accompaniments of golf, but not in themselves sufficient to constitute golf links. It is therefore possible that the full development of the long game did not take place except on tracts of smooth ice. That the whole game was somehow played on ice is proved by the complete set of clubs, including various irons, which appear in the Van Ostade picture.

In the picture by Vandrever (Adrian—about 1673), an engraving of which is at Fingask, Perthshire, several players are standing on the ice. The one who is driving off, apparently without having called "Voor" to the skater in front, is left-handed; he plays with a short club, as Varden does, while his antagonist, looking on, boasts a driver which, in the matter of length, would have satisfied the late lamented Bob Kirk.

In the two pictures the players seem to belong to the upper classes of society, whereas the figures on some tiles in the possession of R. B. Sharp, Esq., the well-known golfer, include types of peasants, who are wielding rudely formed golf-clubs in a workmanlike manner. These seem to prove, what has been pointed out by Mr. Mayhew, that golf was a well-known and popular sport in the Low Countries.

Further proof may be found in the existence of proverbs, still current, which refer to various points of the game of golf.

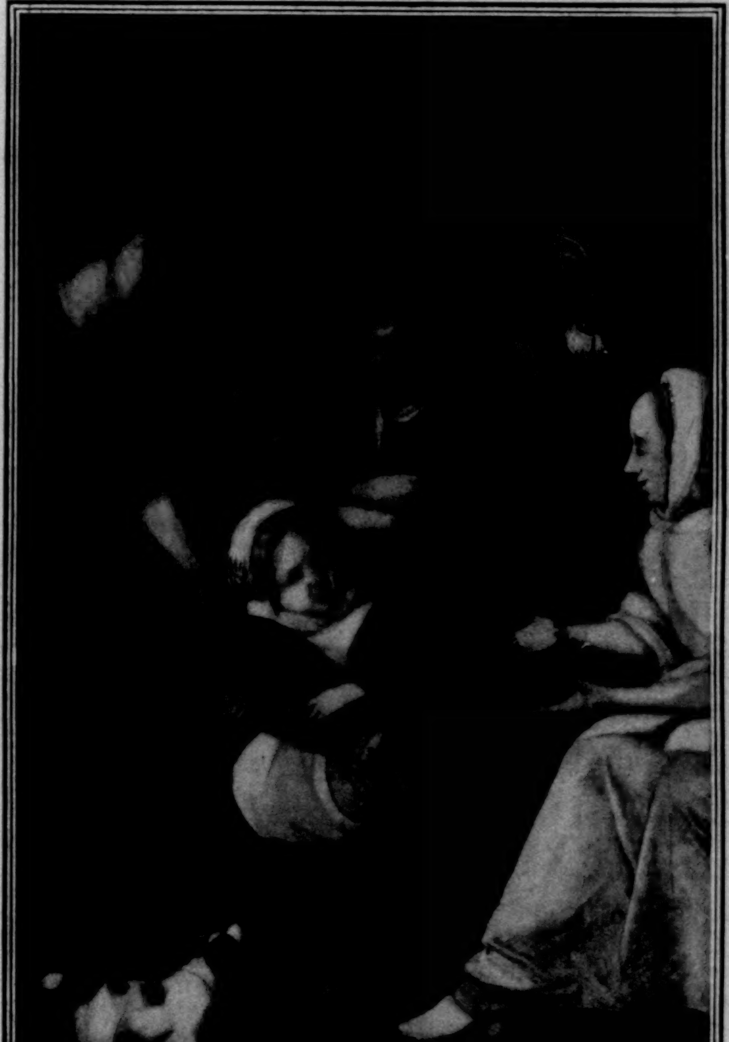
In striking off, the player made with the hand a *tuitje* (pronounced toytee)—our "tee"—a "small heap" of sand or other matter, on which the ball was placed in fair position for a clean swipe (*een fikschen slag*). Hence arose the proverb, "Het balletje op het tuitje zetten"—to place the ball on the tee—a saying which now bears the meaning, "to venture on a fresh stroke." Thus in current use it has survived the game whence it was originally derived. Note the diminutive of ballet—English pellet, the little ball—contrasted with the larger balls used in some other Dutch games of ball, such as the *malien-bahn*, or *paille-maille*.

There are some other Dutch proverbs, of more or less common occurrence in the language of to-day, which throw light on the game of "het kolven." "Das is wie een kolfje naar mijn hand"—"That lies to my hand like a golf-club"—said of anything that exactly suits the speaker. I was told that every schoolboy still uses this proverb. Alas that the boys of Holland know nothing of golf except by way of metaphor! They are in a worse case than the young Scots woman who had "not yet got further than love in the aibstract." Another proverb is, "The best golfer will at times make a miss"; another is one of those touches of nature which make us all kin: "One must not throw the club after the ball." Yet another is very significant of the nature of the course on which the game was played: "You must play the ball as it lies." Now what was this game of "het kolven," which was played with "kolfjes" so long ago in Holland? That the name was applied to a distinct game, and not to all kinds of games played with any sort of club or mallet, seems certain. The instinct for ball games was strongly developed in old Holland. There were many varieties of bat-and-ball games, such as *malien-bahn* (*paille-maille*), tennis, etc., each being distinguished by its proper name.

We may then conclude that "het kolven" was the name of a specific game of club and ball. From the various scraps of information here collected, it seems that it was played on wide spaces, such as frozen lakes or rivers, and country roads; that the ball was struck from a tee and flew long distances through the air; that it was played from hole to hole; that the ball had to be played where it happened to lie, so that the play between holes must have comprised several consecutive strokes; that the clubs were slender wooden implements with grips of leather, and heads "whipped" on to a supple shaft for driving, and metal-headed clubs for other parts of the game; that the ball was a small light object, probably made of leather stuffed with hair, or some such material—in a word, that it was golf.

If Holland, then, was the native home of golf, it seems reasonable to seek in the Dutch language the origin of the nomenclature of the game. There are two golfing expressions, the derivation of which still remains mysterious, the words "stymie" and "dormy." I may have my guess as well as another.

There is a Dutch verb *stuiten* (pronounced styten), meaning to hinder or stop. I would suggest that when an old Dutch golfer found himself stymied he did not at once yell for the abrogation of Rule XX., but said, "Stuit mij!" (pronounced styt my), which is good Dutch for "It stops me." This phrase, with the elision of t before m, which would naturally take place in Scotland, would be contracted into "sty' my"—"stymie."



FROM "THE FEAST OF ST. NICOLAS."—BY JAN STEEN (1626–79).
One of the earliest Traces of Golf in Holland.

Again, there is a Dutch word *door-mijmerer* (pronounced dorr-mi-meren), meaning to muse, to be absent-minded. One can fancy again our phlegmatic friend, 4 up and 4 to play, muttering, "Ik door-mijmere"—"I may think of something else"—"dormy."

Golf, as an out-door game, is no longer played by Hollanders. The game which is now, or was recently, played in the covered courts, called "kolf-bahnen," has possibly no connection with the ancient "het kolven," except the name; but it too was at one time a popular out-door sport. Its decline and fall are recorded by the learned Ter Gouw as follows:

As the game became more and more popular, it came about that the roads were actually sometimes blocked by the players, and the game was naturally forbidden on the highway. In the seventeenth century (the date of Rembrandt's etching mentioned above) golf-alleys (*kolf-bahnen*) were laid down in the wine-houses with large level floors, and nicely turned golf-pins (*kolf-palen*) stuck therein. The balls were made heavy and elastic; they were perfectly round, of worsted wound together and covered with leather, while the clubs (*de kolven*) were finished with heavy copper ends or heads (*klikken*).

In the eighteenth century these golf courts or alleys were roofed over, to protect them from sun and rain, wind and falling leaves, so that people might golf undisturbed in all weathers. These formed long wooden sheds, eighty feet long and twenty broad, covered with tiles; the floor, which consisted of a mixture of earth and lime, was made hard, smooth, and perfectly level. At a quarter distance from each end stood a pin turned out of hard wood; for two feet of its height it was thickly coated with bell-metal, so as to give a sharp sound when struck by the large leather balls. Round the golf-alley were little tables and stools for the onlookers. So one finds them in North Holland still. The game, in fact, had been reduced almost to parlor golf.

Through the kindness of Mr. Den Boer, I was shown the golf-court belonging to the Middelburg club. It stands in a pretty garden behind the club house, in one of the principal streets of the town. The building is a long shed, perhaps twenty-five feet in height, lighted by day from the roof, and fitted up with gas-pendants for night. The floor is a level space of asphalt, some sixty feet long by eighteen feet broad. Round this playing-court on its four sides runs a passage ten feet wide, separated from the playing surface by a strong wooden partition about two feet in height. When in play the surface of the court is thinly sprinkled with sand, to make the balls bite. There are certain white lines painted on the floor, which are required for the game, and at a distance of twelve feet from each end stands a stout pin, about three feet in height and of considerable weight—fifty or sixty pounds at least. I was shown a "kolf." The head, made of iron, was very heavy—one or two pounds probably. It was cut out of sheet-iron about half an inch thick, was perfectly flat on both faces, and shaped something like an iron without any loft. It might be described as a monstrous putting-niblick, with perfectly straight face and back. The shaft was between four and five feet long, of about the thickness of a garden-rake handle—of course it had no spring.

It was evidently only to be used with a short swing. Indeed, in trying a half-swing I nearly smashed a gasalier. Unfortunately the club porter could not find a single ball on the premises, though he searched all the boxes which stand round the court. The rusty state of the iron and the absence of balls told only too clearly their tale of a neglected and dying game. The balls, as described by the porter, are rather bigger than croquet-balls. They are made of thread wound hard together and covered with leather. They cost, when new, five *guilders* (8*s*. 4*d*.), and can be made up again for half that amount. At one end of the court stands a stove for warming the balls, as they are then found to run more truly. I suppose that in winter they get frozen and have thus to be thawed out, just as, on the other hand, American golfers in summer carry round their golf-balls in an ice-pail.

I did not form a clear idea how the game was played, but it consists essentially in putting at the pins, with certain modifications introduced by the sides of the court and the aforesaid white lines. The club porter admitted that the court was now all but disused. He went over a pathetic list of old players by name, known to my companion—how such a one was now dead, another disabled, and so on; so that in Middelburg the game appears to be extinct, as it is becoming in other parts of Holland. As I left the club I looked into the billiard-room, with its three well-kept tables and its comfortable air of daily use, and I breathed a prayer that the day would never be in St. Andrews when the board of green cloth would flourish and the green turf be left to the sheep and the rabbits.

Such was the game which was still played with great vigor in Holland in the eighteenth century. While the sport was in full bloom, there was a Dutch amateur championship played for annually. The prize, which consisted of a silver golf-club with a velvet grip, bound with gold and silver thread, was subscribed for by the various landlords who owned *kolf-bahnen*. As soon as a match of this sort was announced in the journals, famous golfers came from far and near to take part in it. Matches for money stakes were also frequent. In the end of the seventeenth century the landlord of "De Witte en de Zwarte Hond," at Rotterdam, wrote over his golf-court these lines:

Golfers, here hang club and ball:
Players plenty, Rotterdamers all;
Whoever will golf, come to the tee,
But bring some ducats along with ye.

For play was deep and betting high, and a writer so late as the beginning of this century assures us that many Amsterdamers had been brought to ruin through the golf-courts. At this period, in the gardens round Amsterdam, wherever a fashionable public was expected, nicely appointed golf-courts were to be found. In playing the game they availed themselves of one singular adjunct which may be commended to the attention of those golfers who are always seeking for some new thing, especially in putting. Every one who has been in Holland knows the long straight clay pipe of the Dutch farmer, with its metal cover. This pipe plays several parts besides its proper one. It is, for one thing the barometer of agricultural prosperity. When the price of wheat is high and the farmer's spirits good, he carries his pipe in his mouth raised aloft like the horn of a unicorn; but when the market is falling, the pipe hangs its head like a tulip in a thunder-storm. It also played its part in golf. When held in the usual way it interfered with the free use of both hands in swinging the club; but out of a hinderance they made a convenience. The pipe-stem was held horizontally between the teeth, and so was not only out of the way, but served the knowing ones as a "guide to the hole"—*hulplijn* (help-line). As we have already said, even this debased form of golf has almost disappeared in Holland. Ter Gouw accounts for this as follows:

"Two enemies have driven out golf between them—billiards and the railway. When the period of railways began that of the golf-courts closed, and even the old proverb, 'As level as a golf-court' was changed into 'As level as a railway.'" The good Ter Gouw gives no proof of this, and he is, perhaps, as regards railways, guilty of the fallacy of "post hoc, ergo propter hoc." He goes on to say, with more show of reason: "But, after all, the decline of golf had begun some years before, through the competition of the billiard table, which, even in country villages, drove out the golf-courts. One sees golf-players in North Holland still, but only among peasants and old-fashioned citizens, especially on market-days at Hoorn, in the park. On the island of Texel the same thing has happened; new ideas and encroaching civilization (*veldwinnende beschaving*) have caused the decay of many peculiar and local customs. Among them golf now finds itself left with comparatively few followers."

From which catastrophe may we in mercy be delivered!

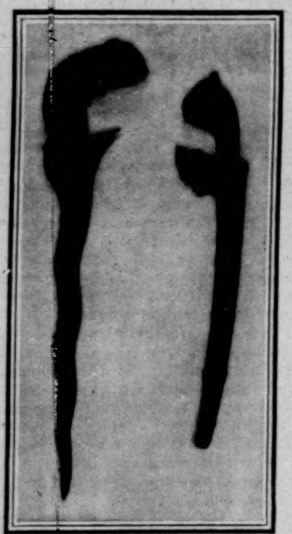
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and games decay.

THE SPORTS OF MALAYA.

By Caspar Whitney

BOATS are almost, if indeed not quite, as intimate a part of the daily life of the Malay Archipelago native as of the Siamese, but there are not so many different types of craft, they are not made of such excellent wood, and the floating population is very much less.

And yet the Malays are, next to the Siamese, the most pronounced river-people in the world. Like the Siamese, they settle along the waterways, and, like them too, they build their houses six to eight feet off the ground, on piles, as a precaution against both flood and fever. In the Malay Peninsula probably three-quarters of the people live on the river-banks, but in Java and Sumatra and Borneo, although they settle along the rivers, there is also a very considerable number who live in the so-called up-country. Still, the average Malay, wherever he live, is never very far from water. Nor need he be in Sumatra, Java, or the Malay Peninsula, where the rainy season is long and heavy, the streams countless, and the larger portion of land swamp.


KRISS. TUMBUK LADA.

That boat of the Malay which answers to the use of the Siamese *rua chang* and smaller canoe is called the *tong-kong;* it has a flatter bow and stern than the Siamese boat of the same size, and is propelled by paddles. It is at once the living and trading boat of the native—the boat one meets often on the small streams. The style of deck-house gives it a picturesqueness not attained by any other of the Eastern boats, but its lines are not so good as those of the *rua chang*—the Siamese "row-boat," so to say.

The type one encounters most frequently on the small waterways, however, is a dugout, which may be a very narrow small canoe manned by one, or may be enlarged until it becomes a Tringganu (one of the native districts of northern Malay) canoe arranged for twenty to twenty-five paddles. Commonly they are built for one, two, and four paddles, are very buoyant, and easily driven. I used one of four paddles in reaching the head-waters of some of the small streams in Sumatra, and, despite our upsetting five times by running upon sunken logs that could not be seen in the deep red water, I found it comparatively roomy, and a most handy craft on very narrow streams overhung by thick tropical foliage, creepers, etc.

The other distinctly Malayan craft is the *prau*, which has a sharp-pointed bow, and a stern so finely drawn as to leave just room for a helmsman. A few of these boats are used at Singapore as passenger-carriers from wharf to steamers, in which case they are pulled by oars and manned by Tamils (*i. e.*, Indians from Madras), but on the rivers of the peninsula and of Sumatra the *prau*, when not under sail, is invariably paddled. It has by far the best lines of the Malay boats, and is as graceful and dainty as any in Eastern waters. It is the craft in which the Malay pirates, of a time not so long gone, were wont, from the many indentations of their shore-line, to steal out upon the unsuspecting and sluggish-moving coaster; it was the troopship of the old days when feuds carried a chief and his fighting-crew from one river to another. It is fast under sail, and most seaworthy I found it on some of the larger rivers.

There is yet another boat, the *sampan*, seen in greatest numbers at Singapore, which, although not notably graceful in lines, is certainly the most serviceable boat in the Far East.

The *sampan*, with some slight differences of rig, remains the passenger ferry and general bumboat of the ports of China, all Malaya, and Burma. It will really carry an extraordinary load, and moves with remarkable ease for a boat of such beam. It is propelled by one man and two oars. The oarsman stands to his work, facing the bow, and pushes instead of pulls the oars, the rowlock being of the usual Asiatic variety—to wit, a piece of rotan twisted about the top of an upright sunk into the gunwale, and which must be liberally sprinkled with water every now and again to still its nerve-trying squeak. The oars are a little shorter than our single oar, and made of two pieces—the handle and the blade—the latter being fastened on. This is true of all oars throughout the Far East.

Under sail the *sampan* is seaworthy and surprisingly fast. Her crew is, almost without exception, patient, plodding, persistent John Chinaman—the industrial backbone of Siam and Malaya. The *sampans* seen at the ports of China and Malaya are identical in lines, but those at Penang (on the extreme northern coast of the Malay Peninsula) are manned by Tamils, and have their stern painted over in diamond-shape patches of yellow and blue. The *sampans* at Rangoon, Burma, are also manned by Tamils, and even more resplendent in yellow and blue; but their stern-posts have a little higher and sharper rake bowwards.

The Malay has naturally no more relish of vigorous bodily effort than the Siamese, but a warmer blood flows in his veins, and on occasion it runs riot, or, more correctly speaking, runs amok (not amuck, as we improperly Anglicize and vulgarize it), until his energy is spent. Amok, however, is not, and never has been, a popular game; the sport is too much confined to the man doing the running, and it has lost its vogue. I saw only one man so selfishly disporting himself, and he was promptly brought to earth by a favorite piece of male bamboo that in peaceful times serves me as a very dependable walking-stick.

Some of that warm blood which courses through the Malay's veins is sporting blood, wherein he differs from the Siamese; he is manly and well mannered—wherein he again differs from the natives of the Land of the White Elephant.

Although the Malays' native sport is not of an extended or a very energetic nature, yet what play they have reveals a decided disposition of sport for the sport's sake. They do some little fencing with that favorite and somewhat famous weapon of theirs, the kriss, but it is exceedingly crude, and seen nowadays but very seldom; in fact, it is not easy to find men who know the game well enough to exhibit their skill. There is another fencing game in which the tumbuk lada is employed. The tumbuk lada is the Malayan dagger, with a very short and much-decorated handle, and a very narrow blade from eight to twelve inches in length. It is a great favorite with the Malays, and few fail to carry one stuck into their sarong at the waist. The fence-play with the dagger does not, however, reveal a great deal of skill; it attains much dramatic action, but the energy of the opponents seems mostly expended in jumping about and in posturing. Little of the style employed in the play would be relied upon, I fancy, in serious work with the weapon.

AFTER THE HUNT—BRINGING HOME THE TIGER.

There is yet another game which combines the Siamese-Chinese arm-thrust and parry with a kind of savatte. This begins with an ostentatious parading of the combatants, prolonged by many threatening gestures and theatrical strutting, such as we see on the Chinese stage, accompanied by the ear-splitting crash of the cymbals. In the course of time the men make passes at each other with the hands and feet; and though very little real work is done, yet sometimes considerable dexterity is shown in the kicking feature of the game. There is so little of either of these native games nowadays that one must search, as I did, long and persistently in the interior to learn anything of them.

All that now remain of native sport are animal-fights and occasional canoe-racing. The animal-fights once included matches between buffalo, wild cattle, and, in Java, between tigers and goats with steel-tipped horns; but the larger animals have become too hard to get, and too valuable, so that now cock-fights and goat-fights are only left of a one-time lengthy programme.

Speaking generally, there is now really no native sport worthy the name. The introduction of English games, and encouragement of canoe-racing, have given those natives who wish for it an opportunity of enjoying the genuine article. Not many Malays care for football, or any game so vigorous; nor do they sustain much of an interest in the canoe-racing, except at the annual sports held at the different ports of the peninsula.

But they are very keen on horse-racing, and some of those who can afford it have even here and there, and for a very brief time, attempted a modest racing stud of one or two members. The Straits-born Chinaman, however, is an anomaly, and does go in for athletics; he plays football and lawn-tennis, and holds annual track games, which are interesting chiefly because of the novelty of an athletic Celestial.

There is really a great deal of good sport on the peninsula, but it is essentially English, and includes Association football (Rugby is not played in the East, because it is too wearing in a tropical climate), cricket, lawn-tennis, golf, some rowing and swimming, and horse-racing. Cricket and football and horse-racing attract the greatest attention, and there are ample provisions for all three throughout Malaya. Every English settlement in the peninsula has a Jubilee flag-pole and a sports-field. When you come to think of it seriously, those two suggestions of loyalty and athletics are largely answerable for the breadth and wealth of the British Kingdom. The regiments and Raffles school give Singapore a comparatively large supply of cricket and football players, and elsewhere in the peninsula the government service and the planters fill the ranks.

Matches are arranged every winter between Singapore and some of the native states, Perak and Selangor being the most active in cricket and football; and always in

ABORIGINAL HUNTER USING HIS BLOW-GUN.

MALAY TANDOK DANCERS.

cricket, and occasionally in football, Singapore and Hong-kong meet annually. There is also some rowing at Kwala Lumpur (Selangor), Penang, and Singapore. Every port on the west coast of the peninsula—Penang, Telok Anson, Port Dickson, and Malacca—holds New-Year sports, the expense of which is borne privately, and, strangely enough, to which none subscribe more liberally than the Chinamen. Indeed, except at Singapore, two-thirds of the expense money of these annual sporting events is subscribed by Chinamen.

These sports extend to a programme of from fifteen to twenty events, including sailing and rowing and paddling races, and, at Singapore, water-polo, diving in fancy costumes, and (for the natives) walking a greasy boom is added. Of course there is golf everywhere, and up-country, in the more hilly states like Perak and Selangor, some sport-giving courses are to be found.

The Malay takes no prominent part in any of these, aside from the paddling and some of the rowing races, and for racing purposes he even seems to grow more indifferent each year to the canoe, that has served him so long and so competently. The managers of the sports usually have some difficulty in getting a good number of entries for the *Pulo Brani* (a boat on the *tongkong* lines, but built for five and seven paddles) and *Jalo* (the single dugout) boat-racing. The *Jalo* is the canoe used by the Malay boys, who flock about incoming steamers at Singapore, and dive after small pieces of silver money thrown into the water.

I have seen Malays playing football at Singapore, but not many of them care for the game; a statement equally applicable to cricket.

There is no polo in the native states of the peninsula, which is not strange, considering the few Englishmen, and the thorough occupation of their time by the government or by their coffee-planting or tin-mining. But that there is none at Singapore, where a regiment is stationed and the government's servants have more leisure, is occasion for surprise. To within a year or so a field was provided at the race-course, but the officers of the regiments recently stationed at Singapore seem to have preferred playing mixed doubles and mixed foursomes, and therefore the handsomest recreation-field in Singapore is the women's lawn-tennis grounds, while the erstwhile polo-field has been given over to golf. This comment is true also of some of the posts of India. If there had been more polo-players and fewer mixed doubles partners on the Afghan frontier at the beginning of the recent outbreak, the difficulties of Sir William Lockhart would have been lessened. I have been surprised to find so many afternoon-tea rounders among England's Far Eastern army officers. More of polo and less of mixed doubles seems to be the proper prescription.

MALAY VILLAGE.

Singapore, of course, has more sport and greater facilities for it than any other port in Malaya. The recreation-field on the Esplanade facing the water is as handsome as any I have seen thus far, and large enough for two cricket creases and two football-fields; while at one end is the club-house, and at the other end the pavilion. Here also are held all athletic events—the running-tracks being on turf. There are yet two other fields of good size farther inland, where general practice and scrub play is held. The golf-course is rather mediocre.

Perhaps the greatest interest is created by the spring horse-racing, to which the peninsula wholly and annually devotes itself, and which is professional for the most part, though many of the horses are owned by men who race them for the sport of it. Every meeting includes events for gentlemen jockeys. There is a regular circuit, which includes Singapore, Johore, Penang, Batu Gajur (Perak), Kwala Lumpur, and Deli (Sumatra), and in the peninsula proper are, in addition, frequent gymkhana meetings throughout the dry season. The race-course at Singapore is the most pretentious, but does not compare with that of Happy Valley at Hong-kong. Horse-racing is about the only sport Sumatra affords; the Dutch, of course, have none, and no more have the natives, if I except an occasional stupid animal-fight. The same is true of Java, so far as European sport is concerned, though the natives have more animal-fights than in Sumatra, but the natives of both Sumatra and Java are not encouraged in sport by their Dutch controllers.

The bicycle is more popular in Singapore than in any other Eastern port; and naturally, since the roads thereabouts are not only very picturesque, but literally the best in the world. The only drawback to thoroughly good sport is the rain.

It rains at least once a day in Singapore throughout the year!

The big game of Malaya is varied, fairly plentiful, and hard to get. The Malay is not naturally a hunter, and I found him disinclined to profit by experience. Like most inhabitants of the comparative wilds, he is a fair tracker,—but mere tracking is simple enough in the swampy jungles of the Malay Peninsula or Sumatra. He has no intelligent conception of hunting, as the white sportsman does it. The Malay and the Siamese do their killing of game chiefly by building a platform near a drinking-pool, lying in wait there for the tiger or rhinoceros or deer, and shooting it as it drinks.

Far in the interior of the peninsula and of Sumatra I found the Sakais, the aborigines of Malaya, who still hunt small game and birds with a blow-gun, shooting poisoned darts.

Perhaps the sport the Malays—men and women—love best and in which they usually excel is dancing; their motions are grotesque, sometimes rapid, more frequently slow; a sort of composite of the Japanese, Siamese, and Indian styles. Often masks are worn, and always the event is made the occasion of much good cheer. The music is weird, yet soft, and so melodious that it quite fascinated me, and is certainly the most attractive of any I have heard among barbaric or partly civilized peoples.

These Malays, by-the-way, are of the same type found in the Philippines; many of their customs and implements are from a common pattern, while their dispositions are similar. I found them tractable under firm but absolutely fair dealing.

In the northern part of the peninsula, in what is really Lower Siam, there are rhinoceros and a few elephants. In the district of Pahang there are elephant, sladang (one of the varieties of wild cattle), tiger, and deer. Selangor has deer and tiger; in fact, wherever there are deer there are tiger, and deer are scattered pretty well over the peninsula. There exists here also a goat like our Rocky Mountain variety, but its color is that of our big-horn instead of white, and it is very rare and hard to get. There are occasional tapir.

In Sumatra there are elephant and rhinoceros, but very hard to kill, because of the exceedingly dense jungles and the swampy character of the soil. They travel in runways of such closely packed jungle,—one could pass within a dozen feet and you not see it. I followed the tracks of one rhinoceros five days before I finally got it;—and, in fact, the rhino came pretty near getting me on our final interview. Tiger and deer are fairly plentiful.

Java has rhinoceros, tiger, and deer. For any one district in Malaya, Pahang in the peninsula affords probably the greatest variety of game, and in most numbers. Certainly it is much easier of access than Sumatra. Java is almost too thickly settled to provide good sport.

It is difficult to get natives in Malaya—by which I mean Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Java—who are both dependable servants and serviceable guides, and their hunting skill is inferior. They never hunt for sport; they seek meat or ivory or hides or the rhinoceros horn (to sell for a big price to Chinamen, who prize it highly as a medicine), and their almost invariable method is lying in wait in the dry season on a raised platform at the drinking-hole. Indeed, it requires long and arduous hunting to score by stalking.

Nowhere does the game come easily to hand, therefore success brings the keener pleasure.

Singapore, *January 31, 1898.*

To an Unknown Reader

In years to come, when I have passed away,
 Your careless glance upon this page may fall;
So then, my unknown reader, pause, I pray,
 And hearken to my faint and far-off call.

O youth, as graceful as a willow bough,
 As gladsome as a fawn with nimble feet;
O youth, with noble alabaster brow,
 Flushed with your morning splendor, fresh and sweet:—

Dear boy, mine ears shall never know your voice,
 Mine eyes shall never know your princely grace,
And I shall never in your smile rejoice,
 And never, never see your fine frank face.

O maiden, with the starry eyes of brown,
 With golden ringlets, cheeks of peach-bloom glow;
O maiden, wearing love's and beauty's crown,
 As radiant as a sunrise over snow:—

Dear girl, I never by your side shall tread,
 And never shall I hear your gentle sighs;
I never shall behold your lips of red,
 And never, never see your splendid eyes.

I love you, though our paths shall never meet,
 Though you shall flourish after I have fled,
Though living voices seem to you more sweet
 Than lays of him deserted with the dead.

Will you neglect me in that far-off day?
 Shall I forgotten and forsaken lie?
Ah, then my heart should bleed, though turned to clay,
 And that would be another death to die.

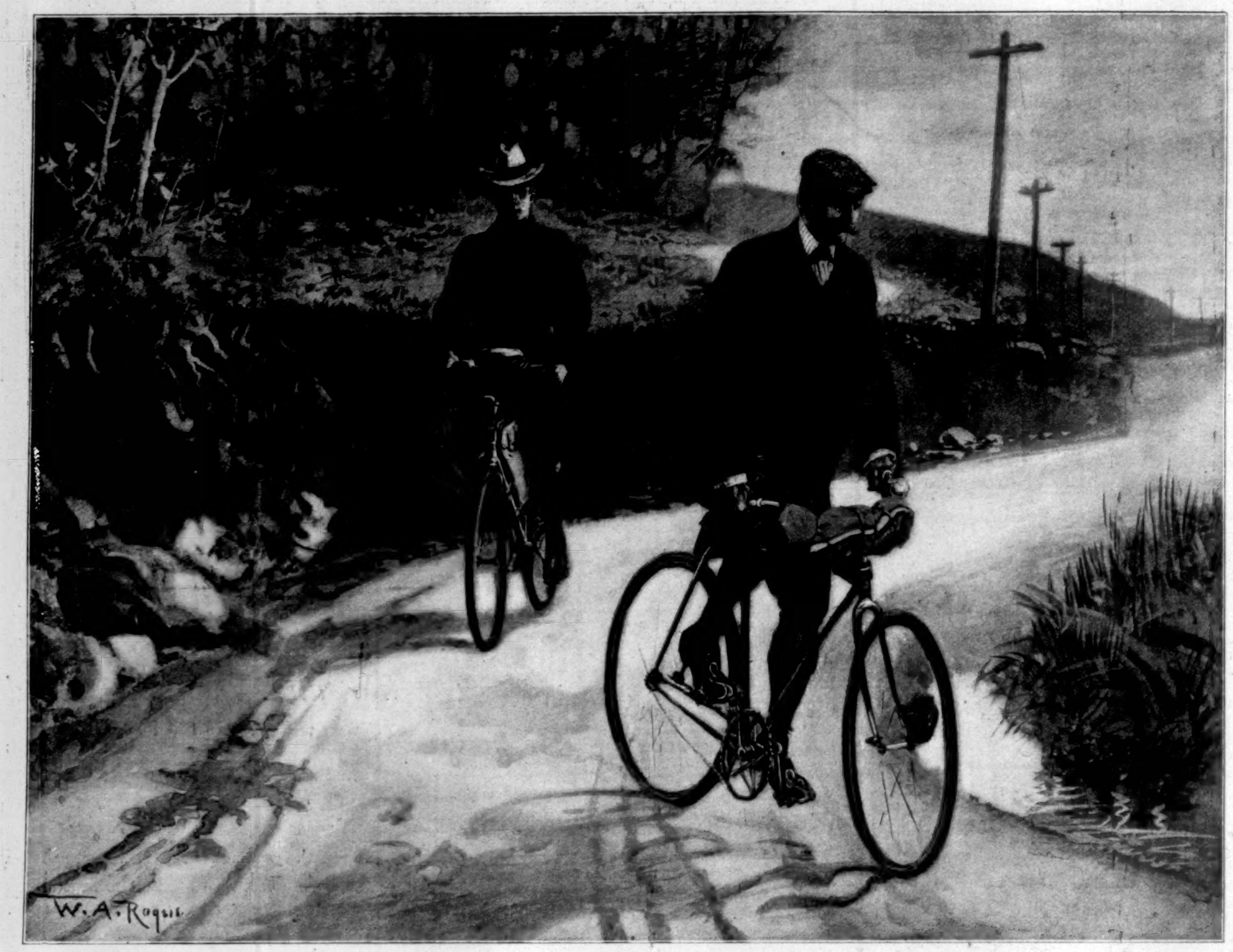
O unknown reader, for your sake I pine;
 Beside you let me cease my wandering.
I love you; let me take your hand in mine,
 And tell you stories, laugh or weep or sing.

For you I suffered in far-distant days;
 For you I lost man's favor, maiden's hand;
For you my feet forsook their boyhood ways;
 For you I wandered through the stranger's land.

From death's dark empire shall my soul depart,
 Your smile, your friendship, and your love to win;
Behold! I come and knock upon your heart:
 For God's sake, reader, rise and let me in!

Walter Malone.

ONE OF MY PACK ELEPHANTS.



A TOUR AWHEEL.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

THE BICYCLE OF 1899. *By Walter J. Masterson*

EVERY year a variety of new devices indicating the progress in bicycle construction are presented to wheelmen in selecting new wheels. During the past twelve months the manufacturers, while working upon their '99 products, have succeeded in making marked improvements on many minor details, but few radical departures will be noticeable this year. There will be a variety of novelties in construction, but this class will be designated as belonging to the genus "freak" rather than as being of any marked utility. The improvements this year are general rather than confined to any special wheel. Improved details of finish, reduction of weight, smaller tires, strengthened spokes, modified gearing, and the reduction in the size of frames seem to sum up the general cycling situation. Bicycle construction has attained such position that riders do not look for startling departures nowadays. The vast army of riders seem as particular as ever regarding the selection of modern types of wheels, but well-tested machines seem to receive the preference.

In a general sense the bicycle of '99 differs in small respects from the type of wheel offered to the public last season. During recent years the aim of the manufacturers has seemed to lean to the introduction of some radical change rather than to the modification of small details. While the cycling public abroad was presented with the chainless model in its approved form in '97, it remained for the American makers to experiment with this type until last season before marketing it as a practical and up-to-date bicycle. In previous seasons the leading makers were convinced that the chain wheel had attained its highest point in the matter of construction, and it has been due to this fact that close attention has been devoted to perfecting a chainless wheel that would combine all the essential points of a good easy rider, and at the same time be placed on the market at a moderate cost. Recent trials with chainless bicycles, over all conditions of road, have resulted so satisfactorily that the scepticism regarding the usefulness of the type has disappeared. The chainless type will unquestionably rank as the leader this year. Last season the big manufacturers restricted their chainless outputs to a few thousands, and maintained a prohibitive price upon them. This fact was not due, as was generally supposed, to the high cost of construction, but rather to the lack of sufficient machinery to build chainless wheels to meet the big demand which might ensue.

Every rider has repeatedly found fault with the chain type, owing to the liability of chain breakage. The chainless model does away with all this, and it seems likely that the experts who always demand the latest and most approved patterns in cycle construction will be found forsaking the chain for the bevel gear. The latter has ceased to be an experiment, so that conservative riders, who were apprehensive last season in selecting this style, can rest assured that the perfected wheel of this season will combine all the excellences of a well-tested model. Aside from making an easy-riding type, the '99 chainless is constructed upon such simple principles that any rider having an ordinary knowledge of the make-up of the bicycle can repair any displacement of gear or remedy any small mishap.

It is a singular fact that the average rider, who will take a stock chainless and make an experimental ride of, say, from twenty to thirty miles, will declare that it runs hard. Very often this is true; but riders who have ridden the chainless wheel constantly maintain that it is necessary to cover from seventy-five to one hundred miles before the running-gear attains easy alignment. It is only natural to expect that with such a radical change it will take several seasons to convince the general riding public that in this latest model cycle construction has made an enormous stride. When the safety wheel first appeared, in the eighties, a majority of the cycle cranks refused to accept the innovation as a type that had come to replace the high wheel, but the most rabid of the old school were finally forced to concede that the safety meant a revolution which had come to stay, and that the ordinary was doomed. The evolution of the chainless does not make such a sweeping change as did the advent of the safety, but the advantages of the bevel gear over the chain must with experience become obvious.

The advent of the bevel gear does not mean the displacement of the chain wheel. The latter will still have a strong following, as usual, this season; in fact, a great many conservative riders will stick to this type to watch what they will persist in calling the "experiments" with the chainless. While there is a class of riders who make a practice to secure a new mount every season, a large element will satisfy themselves with chain wheels, or perhaps convert their wheels into sort of chainless types by the use of gear-cases. The latter, as manufactured by several firms, make an excellent substitute for the bevel gear. The gear-cases have been well perfected, and are now made to fit almost all wheels, obviating any possibility of the accumulation of dust, etc., on the chains. Nevertheless, the gear-cases are merely a makeshift for the chainless, and of course by no means combine the same running facilities that the bevel gear possesses.

Riders who show a preference for gear-cases instead of the chainless will find that such attachments add materially to the weight of the bicycle; but the excess is trifling when compared with the advantages. The question of the weight of road wheels figures prominently with nearly all riders. Americans place more particular stress on this detail than foreign riders. It will be found, however, that the chainless wheels weigh a trifle in excess of the chain model, but experienced riders will allow that the addition is no manifest disadvantage. All-around riders will explain that for general riding purposes the most suitable bicycle should weigh from twenty-four to twenty-eight or thirty pounds. There are lighter roadsters, but the sacrifice of weight frequently turns out disadvantageously. For park riding light wheels are admirable, but for all-around touring, where sandy roads and mountainous country are encountered, the stronger and heavier bicycle is the more serviceable. A great many new riders make an error in selecting light wheels. Without decrying the stability of the light type, the cautious rider who wants to feel secure under all riding conditions will accept a little leeway in point of weight.

While the manufacturers have been striving for years to produce a pneumatic tire that will resist puncture, no great degree of success has been attained. The leading tire-makers this year will put out tires that will be remedied of all defects of previous years, but the non-puncturable tire is still lacking.

Prices this season will be more uniform. The practice of some makers of holding out on high prices for special models, and making what they called a medium grade at less cost, has gradually died out. The action of the representative makers in listing high-grade bicycles at reduced figures means the gradual abolition of dealers who have foisted cheap outputs of inferior manufacture upon the public. The general reduction in the cost of standard wheels will be a boon alike to the rider and the manufacturer. With a range of choice of from six to eight standard makers, intending purchasers can secure bicycles of guaranteed quality and of the very latest improvement for from $40 to $80. From the riders' financial stand-point the reduction is of inestimable benefit. It places within his reach a wheel put on the market by firms of such established reputation that the veriest novice need not feel afraid of being victimized, and at a price which last season he would have had to pay for an inferior product. Reciprocating benefit accrues to the trade. Manufacturers have had it impressed upon them in recent years that what the riding public needs is a good wheel at a moderate price, and they are at last convinced that when the demand is complied with the public will rally to the standard machine if placed within a reasonable limit of price. By fixing an almost uniform tariff, price-cutting and the sale of cheap inferior wheels, both of which practices have been so injurious to the trade, are done away with. For several years the riders' slogan has been an up-to-date and reliable machine at a fair and moderate cost, but the higher-grade manufacturers held out stubbornly, and it is only as a result of the established evil of over-production and the no less apparent apathy of the public toward paying big prices in recent years that the standard makers have climbed down.

The American rider of to-day has become essentially a touring wheelman. The advancement of touring interests abroad seems to have awakened greater interest in riding in this country. Where heretofore visits to adjacent points satisfied the most enthusiastic wheelmen, explorations awheel to far sections now seem to have a large following. The general improvement of the public highways, which offer increased facilities to cyclers, is also largely responsible for the increased vogue for touring. The average rider who contents himself with a weekly or semi-weekly run to a suburban point never, according to the touring element, appreciates the benefits or advantages that cycling controls. Trips to distant points enable wheelmen to explore the country in a new and individual fashion, and bring to view scenic and landscape features which would otherwise be overlooked. Touring also helps to mark much more definitely the line which divides votaries of the wheel into two classes—one devoted to it for the opportunities presented for necessary and beneficial exercise and recreation, and the other embracing scorchers, century-riders, and mileage cranks. The former class has been largely recruited by the increase of interest in touring, and if there were no other attraction to be derived therefrom the tourist element in cycling would be welcome, as tending to reduce the ranks of the scorching brigade. Those who cover from thirty to fifty miles daily derive pleasure and benefit from the pastime, while the class who feel forced to get over the greatest possible amount of ground at the highest possible rate of speed are too frequently a menace to public safety, and make injurious labor for themselves instead of beneficial recreation.

There has been a growing demand for brakes in recent years, and there will in all probability be a universal call for them this season. The objection to the brake has been ascribed to the fact that it added weight. While the old style spoon brake was admittedly a clumsy attachment, the increased weight was so nominal that it should not enter into comparison with regard for a rider's safety. Brakes are important, and should be used by all riders. This year there are a great variety of types upon the market, many of which seem to possess the advantages that their manufacturers claim for them. The types which are invisible and others working with the pedal crank will be likely to be much used. A large class of riders hold a strong prejudice against the use of brakes, alleging that experienced riders can back-pedal in the face of the most perilous predicament and bring their wheels to a full stop. This argument is ridiculous, and lacks confirmation from riders who have suddenly experienced the need of stopping up suddenly. Persons who ride, either in the city or the country, run a big hazard in not fitting their wheels with brakes. For the safety of pedestrians, as well as the riders themselves, the use of brakes should be compulsory.

In the country riders are frequently forced to dismount and walk down steep hills where riding would be possible with a brake. Accidents would be rarer in cities also were all wheels fitted with brake attachments. In recent years several riders have suffered serious accidents, directly the cause of failure to equip their bicycles with brakes.

The question of suitable gears is a great problem for riders, and is likely to figure conspicuously this year. It seems singular, but this is a question upon which a wide diversity of opinion prevails among all classes of riders. In the selection of chainless wheels riders will have small option, as the interchange of the bevel gears is not so varied as to allow of the same changes as with the chain bicycle. In the latter, riders will select gears ranging from seventy to nearly one hundred inches. Practical wheelmen who have experimented with different gears upon a variety of roads declare that the extremely high gears are impracticable for all-around riding. For general use the wise rider will remain within a limit of from seventy-two to eighty-four inches. Of course, if a man possess several wheels, it is natural that he will possibly use an extremely high gear on one wheel. For riding over level territory strong riders will find high gears most suitable, but for hilly sections the medium gear is best adapted. The extremely high gears are most affected by the scorching element, who feel that the one object in cycling is to cover a great amount of ground in a short period of time. It frequently happens that a sense of fatigue which affects some riders can be attributed solely to the use of too high gears. A high gear may be suited to one rider, while a companion lacking equal strength is forced to actual labor to propel a bicycle fitted with an equal gear. Suitable gears are an important consideration, and the most satisfactory method to acquire a proper one is for riders to experiment with different sizes until satisfied.

One of the most important features of cycling is the question of lamps. The market is overrun with all classes of bicycle lamps, at all prices, but the sagacious rider will avoid the cheap class, as they are a constant source of annoyance and unsatisfactory.

Small comfort is attained in riding if a wheel is fitted with an unsuitable saddle. From the large assortment of saddles offered, it would seem a simple matter to select a comfortable seat, but oftentimes riders will experiment with various types before getting any satisfaction. There is small variety of change in the construction of the saddle this year over last, and it behooves new riders to avoid the extreme in the new variety. There is a large class of riders who seem to secure great satisfaction out of the hard leather saddles that are devoid of elastic springs and paraphernalia warranted to produce easy riding. These saddles with some of the old standard manufacture seem to have the greatest call. The inflated saddles also seem to give excellent satisfaction.

The tastes of riders may vary, but the most fastidious will be enabled to select from a big assortment of wheels and list of sundries this spring to acquire a complete cycle outfit.

A War Echo

On Saturday, April 1, the bodies of fourteen members of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers who had died in the Santiago campaign, and had been brought North on the transport *Crook*, were met at the Wall Street ferry by the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. N. Y., composed of their comrades in Cuba. The coffins, draped with the national colors, were placed upon artillery caissons, and the procession moved along Wall Street, Broadway, through Washington Square to Fifth Avenue, and so to the armory. As the escort entered Broadway the chimes of Trinity Church played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," changing as the first caisson appeared to "Rock of Ages." Along the line of march the church-bells tolled a requiem, and flags were everywhere displayed at half mast.

At the armory funeral services were conducted by Chaplain A. B. Bradshaw, with appropriate music by the full regimental band.

v. P.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

MODERN CIVILIZATION.

IT is observed that nature's supply of food for infants is lacking in the higher civilization; but the deficiency is perfectly supplied by the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

AT SHERRY'S.

A GROUP of lovely women are discussing. From all these rosy lips emanate the wise decisions which govern fashions, and they all have decided that all wedding presents will hereafter be accompanied with several bottles of the VIOLETTES DU CZAR of ORIZA-LEGRAND (sold by all perfumers and druggists), this delightful perfume being considered from now the "Acme of the Chic."—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T forget to take a few bottles of COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE with you on your summer outings.—[*Adv.*]

ALL lovers of delicacies use DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to secure good digestion.—[*Adv.*]

ABBOTT'S the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS builds up brain and body tissue. At grocers' and druggists'. —[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

American Waltham Watch

movements are to-day more perfect than ever and far cheaper. This trade mark specially recommended— "*RIVERSIDE*"— will last a life time and is within the means of every one.

For sale by all retail jewelers.

"The Perfected American Watch," an illustrated book of interesting information about watches, sent free on request.

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH CO.,
WALTHAM, MASS.

Modern Orthopædy in Paschen's Orthopædic Home

DESSAU—ANHALT, GERMANY. *Correspondence invited. Prospectus on application.*

CURVATURES of the spine, inflammations of the joints, hip diseases, fractures of the bones, children's paralysis, spinal diseases, curvatures after gout and rheumatism, also after injuries, etc., are successfully treated by applying mechanical apparatus specially constructed for each case. No necessity of lying in bed for patient. Gymnastics at Dr. Zander's apparatus, Swedish massage, baths, diet for improving the general health. Children are taught in the establishment. Summer and winter cures. Special children's department. Electric massage. Examinations by Röntgen's rays. Illustrated prospectus in German, English, French, and Russian, free. Regular hours for consultation at Berlin, W., Kanonierstrasse 24.

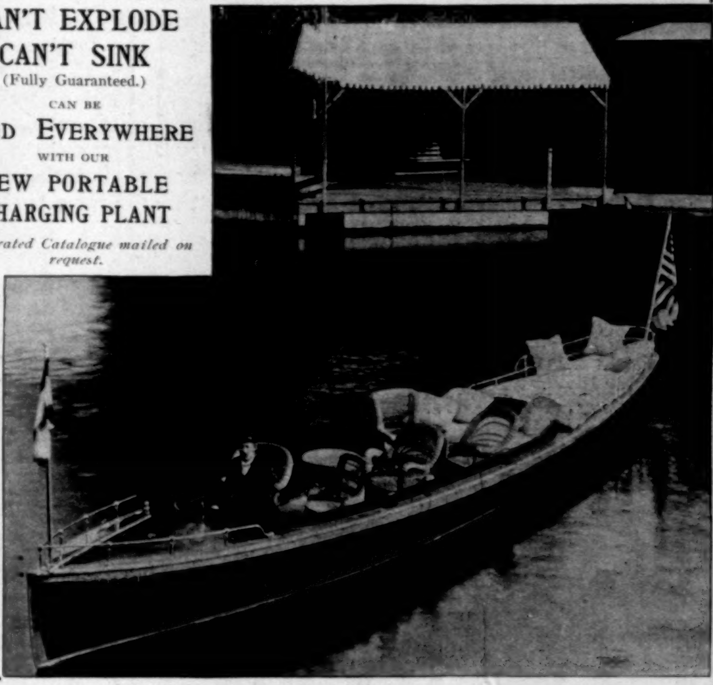
Safe *Simple* *Reliable* **ELECTRIC LAUNCHES** *No Heat* *No Smoke* *No Smell*

Newest types—all motive power below flooring.
One man operates and steers even the largest boat—generally the owner.

CAN'T EXPLODE
CAN'T SINK
(Fully Guaranteed.)
CAN BE
USED EVERYWHERE
WITH OUR
NEW PORTABLE CHARGING PLANT

Illustrated Catalogue mailed on request.

THE ELECTRIC LAUNCH CO.,
Morris Heights, New York City.



"There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."

By the Kodak system

Put a Kodak in your Pocket.

Pocket Photography

becomes simple and practical. The Kodak system does away with heavy, fragile, glass plates and cumbersome plate holders, using non-breakable film cartridges which weigh but ounces where plates weigh pounds. Kodaks can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight.

KODAKS $5.00 to $35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y

Catalogues free of dealers or by mail.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

THE CELEBRATED

PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist. **SOHMER** **PIANOS** and the refined musical public

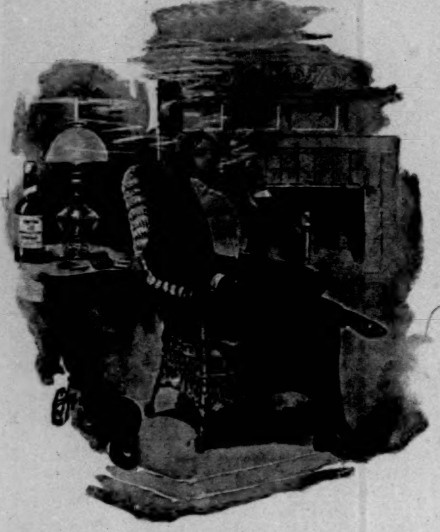
New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING, 170 5th Ave. Cor. 22d Street.

CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. **S-O-H-M-E-R**

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

A better cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS



MANHATTAN,
WHISKY,
TOM GIN,
MARTINI,
HOLLAND GIN,
VERMOUTH and
YORK.

Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and, admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality. Thousands have discarded the idea of trying to mix their own Cocktails; all will when they have given The Club Brand a fair trial. Sold by dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads. Avoid imitations.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,
Hartford, New York, London

The Youth's Companion
is read by every member
of the family.

LIEUT. PEARY.

A FEW OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE MAY ISSUES ARE GIVEN BELOW:

For May 4th.
Mrs. Stowe as a Mother,
By SUSAN MUNROE STOWE.

For May 18th.
An Arctic Hurricane,
By LIEUT. PEARY.

For May 11th.
Recollections of Henry Ward Beecher,
By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

For May 25th.
The Parshley Celebration,
By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

The Old Minister's Girls, a 4-chapter serial, by C. A. Stephens, will also run through the month.

Subscription Price $1.75 a year. Sample Copies and Announcements of 1899 Volume sent on application.

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

HARPER'S
PICTORIAL
HISTORY *of the*
WAR *with* SPAIN

ALL of the fighting which is now taking place in and around Manila will be included in "Harper's Pictorial History of the War with Spain." That is one of the reasons why we are bringing it out in 32 parts instead of issuing a bound volume before the war is ended. You can have it bound later at a small expense, since we have arranged to supply a cover-case to our subscribers at cost.

The illustrative material of this work is of the highest artistic character, including reproductions of rare old engravings, masterly drawings, made on the field of action by our most famous artists, photographs and beautifully colored lithographic plates; the text is of the same high order. It includes official accounts by our commanders on sea and land.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION

For further information send a postal card to HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, Franklin Sq., New York, N. Y.

TWO INTERESTING NUMBERS
of the
"FOUR TRACK SERIES"
The
NEW YORK CENTRAL'S Books of Travel

...JUST OUT...

No. 22
"Saratoga the Beautiful"
Highly embellished with seventy-five new and beautiful half-tone illustrations.

No. 25
"A Message to Garcia"
A preachment that every boy and girl in the land should read.

Either of the above books will be sent free, postpaid, to any address, upon receipt of two 2-cent stamps by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

GOAT-HUNTING IN THE ROCKIES. *By Walter McClintock*

ON the eastern slope of the Rockies, and just south of the province of Alberta, Canada, is the reservation of the Blackfeet Indians. Before the opening of the Great Northern Railroad, in 1887, this magnificent stretch of country was their exclusive domain, and they lived their wild life undisturbed by civilization. Their reservation now stretches far eastward over the rich rolling prairies, while to the westward are lofty mountain ranges, covered with vast timber belts, and until recently abounding in all kinds of large game.

With the opening of the country came many changes. Immense tracts of land were sold by the Indians to the government, and the game which had been plentiful in the mountains and on the prairies rapidly disappeared. The Blackfeet yielded to an advancing civilization which closed around them. Their condition changed from that of a wandering tribe to that of one having settled habitations. They engaged in the raising of cattle, which was the only occupation possible for them in this cold Northern climate. At the present time they have large herds of fine cattle and horses, while many of their houses are well built and comfortable.

THE DEAD BILLY.

During last summer I lived amongst these Indians, and found them extremely hospitable and kind. I worked with them on their ranches, and they quickly came to look upon me as one of their number. I accompanied them on pleasure and hunting expeditions over the prairies and into the mountains. These experiences I shall always remember with the keenest pleasure. In their company I completely forgot civilization, and enjoyed as they did their wild free life. With them I came into closest contact with nature, and the mountains and prairies over which we wandered became my home in the truest sense.

During a violent ten days' storm, which marked the beginning of autumn, Billy Jackson, a well-known Indian scout and guide, G. H. Harrison, an Eastern sportsman, and myself were shut up together under the agency's hospitable roof. We agreed that as soon as the weather was settled we would make an excursion into the magnificent St. Marys country, to hunt for Rocky Mountain goats. Jackson's ranch, a few miles from the agency, was to be our rendezvous. On the afternoon of September 9 the breaking clouds and reappearing sun gave the eagerly looked-for sign that the weather had cleared. Early the next morning I threw the "diamond hitch" upon my pack, taking great care that every rope was tight, and headed across the prairie for Jackson's. The long storm had made the air cold, but peculiarly clear and exhilarating. The high peaks of the Rockies, white with the fresh snow and sharply defined against the western sky, made an imposing procession from north to south. None but he who has experienced it can realize the delightful sense of exhilaration and independence which one feels amidst such magnificent surroundings when mounted upon one's own horse, and closely followed by a pack-horse carrying all one's possessions. The ride across the prairie seemed short, for my saddle-horse was in fine condition after his long rest, and the pack-horse followed readily. It was late in the afternoon when I picketed my horse at Jackson's. The pasture, with its old cottonwoods, long yellow bunch-grass, and clumps of alder, seemed so beautiful in the clear bright atmosphere that I lingered to enjoy the scene. Close by ran "Cut Bank," a clear mountain stream, having its source but a few miles distant, in the snow peaks of the Rockies.

In the evening I made my bed in the open, a short distance from the ranch. Near by was pitched the lodge of an old Indian squaw. During the day not a sound was heard from this quarter. But just as I was falling asleep I was aroused by a mournful wail. The night was still, and, according to the Indian belief, there were evil spirits hovering near. In order to drive them away, she and her companions huddled around their little fire and chanted far into the night.

Early the following morning the herd was driven into the corral, the pack and saddle horses selected and roped. In a short time the packs were on and everything was in readiness for the start—everything excepting the horses; for it is a peculiarity of most pack-horses that at the beginning of an expedition they seem to realize the trouble ahead, and spend their first energies in seeking to evade their task. The start having been made, instead of keeping in line and moving in their usual gait, they persistently straggled off upon the prairie. Pack-horses very much resemble men in disposition. First of all, there is the ambitious horse, that is only contented when leading the rest, and in that capacity is invaluable; then the reliable, hard-working horse that attends strictly to business; the stubborn and lazy horse, which tries to shirk at every opportunity, and when held down to work groans and grunts as if worked to death. No pack-horse outfit is complete without its Buckskin, distinguished alike for his color and for his endurance and tractability. Our Buckskin was no exception. The hardest drives never seemed to tire him. At the day's finish he was generally in the lead. After his long rest at the ranch, Buck was feeling unusually fine, and he was on the lookout for fun. The chance soon came. His stomach was so round and yielding from his recent high living that the cinches did not hold, and the saddle slipped. Buckskin expressed his disapproval in one of his highest bucks, landing stiff-legged on all-fours, which gave the pack such a jar that it turned completely, and away he went. As the pots and kettles began to fly, his example proved instantly contagious to the others, for they turned at once and galloped in the opposite direction across the prairie. It was a complete stampede. Jackson followed the main outfit, while I started to overtake Buck, who was fast disappearing in the distance. On coming up with him I saw that everything had been kicked off except the cinch-rope and pack-cover, which were dragging on the ground. Going back over Buck's trail, which was plainly marked by cooking utensils and provisions of all kinds, we gathered together, little by little, the precious contents of his pack.

The following day was our last upon the prairies, for we were now very close to the mountains, and our next drive brought us well up with them. The evening camp was pitched by a small stream flowing into the Lower St. Marys Lake.

After supper I strolled upon the high ground back of camp. The St. Marys Valley in the after-glow of sunset was most beautiful. I sat a long time enjoying it, for the details of such a magnificent view could not be taken in at once. In the distance, and at the head of the upper lake, were the snow peaks of "Divide Mountain," "Kootenai," "Almost a Dog," and "Red Eagle." Beneath lay the beautiful Lower St. Marys Lake, on either side of which was the rolling prairielike country, which stretched to the snow peaks before us.

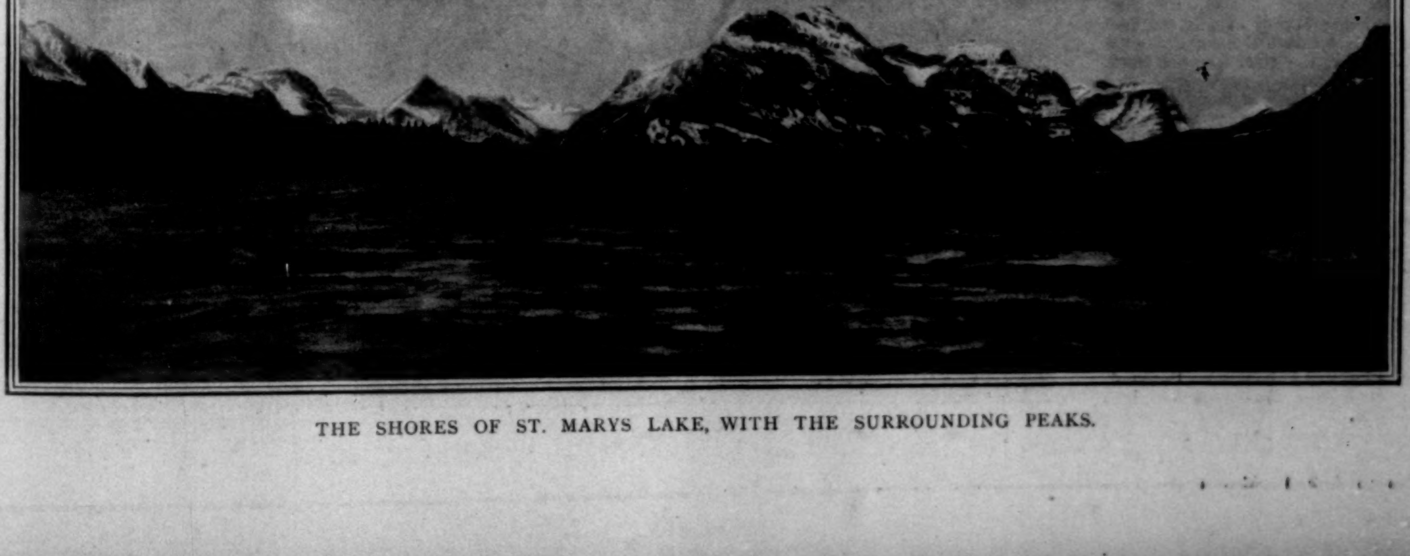
The following morning, when we rode along the shore of the Upper St. Marys Lake, the sky was of the intensest blue, and in the clear air the high peaks toward which we were moving seemed deceptively near. In the afternoon we climbed well up on the side of Goat Mountain, where the trail became rough, and the rocks were slippery and dangerous. Once, when on the edge of a precipice overhanging the lake, Buck's pack again turned. If he had lost his head and stampeded, he would have gone to certain destruction. But, unlike his previous performance, he stood perfectly still, letting us repack him without moving. He was too sagacious and experienced a pack-horse to lose his life so rashly. It was late in the afternoon when we had skirted the side of Goat Mountain and were slowly approaching "Going-to-the-Sun." On its slope the trail became wellnigh impassable, for the timber was thick, and much of it had fallen. Jackson took the lead with an axe and chopped a way through. It was slow, hard work. At such a time the real disposition of the pack-horse is quickly manifested. The lazy horse chose to descend instead of ascend, and we were compelled to skirt through the heavy timber to head him off; and then the mean horse broke from the trail, the others following. In driving them back the packs were torn and loosened by the underbrush, and it was found necessary to repack them. It is said that at such times many men who are never known to swear suddenly become violently profane, and no man who has not driven a pack outfit through thick timber on a steep trail can justly sit in judgment upon such offenders.

Toward sundown we came to Bearings Creek, a large, swift stream, which went roaring and plunging down toward the lake. Following the stream, we climbed rapidly upwards, passing many beautiful falls. The timber became smaller and more scrubby, and at nightfall we passed from the timber into Monroes Basin. It was surrounded by towering peaks, which in the fading twilight were grand and impressive. Our camp was pitched on a grassy slope one hundred feet above Bearings Creek, which sent up a deafening roar. When it had grown dark we were joined by two prospectors, who, desirous of sharing our night's camp and company, had followed our trail.

After a warm supper, we forgot our hard day's work and sat closely around the small camp fire, the night air being cold. The Indian invariably builds a small camp fire. He finds it more convenient for both cooking and comfort, and speaks with derision of the white man's fire as large and wasteful. From behind the peak of "Red Eagle" the moon rose, covering the crag towering above us with a silvery light, in strange contrast with the black depths of the gorge beneath, and making the whole scene one of enchanting and impressive beauty

PACK-TRAIN FORDING A RIVER.

One of the prospectors named Whately related an actual experience alone in the mountains not far from Cooke City, Montana. Impelled by the lucky finding of some rich specimens, he had unconsciously worked too long, and, although totally unprepared, was compelled to sleep out. The weather luckily was warm and pleasant. Finding a depression filled with long soft grass, he stood his rifle against a neighboring tree and lay down to sleep. During the night he was awakened by the heavy breathing of a large animal, and the oppressive sense of a disagreeable smell. At first he was dazed, and half conscious of something standing over him, but lay perfectly still. Soon there were a grunting and snuffing close by his head,



THE SHORES OF ST. MARYS LAKE, WITH THE SURROUNDING PEAKS.

"GOING-TO-THE-SUN" MOUNTAIN—THE HOME OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT AND BIG-HORN.

which made him realize that he was in the strange and horrible position of being underneath a grizzly-bear. A cold sweat came over him, and he was paralyzed with fright. The grizzly had been prowling about, led by his scent of the remnants of the prospector's supper, and so happened to walk over the prospector's body, partly covered by the grass and hidden in the depression. His rifle was standing against the tree, and it was of course impossible to reach it. He had no knife, and he realized that the grizzly might at any instant discover him. Acting on a sudden impulse, he doubled up his knees, and with all his strength plunged his fists and feet simultaneously against the stomach of the brute. It was a complete and terrible surprise for the grizzly, which, in turn, was even more frightened than Whately. It ran squealing and bellowing into the timber, while Whately, whose knees were knocking together with fright, gathered together his small outfit as quickly as possible, and struck out for Cooke City in the dark, not daring to pause until he was safely in the settlement.

Upon waking next morning, and while still under my blankets, I looked out from my tepee upon the ledges of "Going-to-the-Sun" which faced us, fully expecting to see some goats gazing down at us; for both goats and sheep have been shot from that very camp. While Jackson was carefully scanning with his field-glass the ledges and rock benches for sheep or goats, of which he discovered two or three of each, I took a snap-shot of him and our tepees with my camera. Through a temporary rift in the morning mist, which was fast dissolving before the rising sun, I fortunately caught an exquisite glimpse of Red Eagle, showing sharp and clear in the distant blue.

After breakfast Harrison and Jackson started off to climb the mountain back of camp in search of goats, while I gladly accepted the invitation of the prospectors to join them. But, to my chagrin, the horses were nowhere to be seen on the mountain-side. After examining their tracks, I found they had slipped by the camp, and were probably working their way along the back trail. I explained matters to the waiting prospectors, who at once left me and started off for their day's work. On the homeward trail, and some distance down the mountain, I found the entire herd quietly feeding and resting in a small park. It seemed late to start off alone for a hunt, the surrounding country being entirely new to me, and the mountains rugged and dangerous for climbing. On the other hand, I chafed at the prospect of being left alone in camp on so beautiful a day. Saddling Buck, my sure-footed pack-horse, I started up the basin. Riding along the stream, I watched carefully through my glasses for goats and sheep on the numerous rock shelves high up on "Going-to-the-Sun." Buck proved to be a skilled mountain horse. He climbed carefully and slowly. In dangerous places he never became excited or hesitated, but picked his way with precision.

Several times I heard a noise like that of heavy thunder, caused by the masses of ice which the warm sun had detached from the massive glacier hanging high above me.

At the head of the basin the climbing became so rough and difficult that I picketed my horse in a convenient place and continued afoot. I saw many beautiful flowers blooming by the side of snow-drifts, and passed through patches of huckleberries of unusually large size and delicious flavor. About noon I stopped for lunch beside a noisy little stream which flowed from beneath a large snow-drift. The day was warm and bright, and the view from my lofty position was magnificent. After the long and fatiguing climb it was a luxury to lie in the warm sun. From behind a clump of gnarled and twisted pines I carefully examined with my field-glasses the tracks in the snow and the beaten trails of sheep and goats. The width and depth of many of these trails indicate what countless numbers of game formerly inhabited these peaks. The constant tread of their hoofs has worn deep paths in the solid granite. The Rocky Mountain goat is only to be found among the almost inaccessible peaks of the most northern part of the Rocky Mountain chain. Ordinarily he must be approached from beneath. He is either found standing on the edge of a high precipice, or lying upon one of the narrow shelves or ledges so numerous among the higher summits. From his lofty perch he commands a view of the mountain-side beneath him, and if he detects the hunter's pursuit, quickly disappears from sight or reach. Whilst the "big-horn," or mountain-sheep, is more keen of scent and sight, the almost inaccessible haunts of the goat make his hunting more difficult and dangerous, and account for the rarity and greater value of his head as a hunter's trophy. It was now growing late in the afternoon, and I was rapidly giving up hope of seeing any game that day. I had been watching the side of Great Mountain, directly opposite, and turned to examine the mountain at the head of the basin. Far up on its slope I discovered a herd of five goats, with fur as white as snow. Had it not been for their small black horns it would have been impossible to distinguish them from the snow-drift across which they were moving. There were one billy, two nannies, and two large kids. They had crossed the mountain at the head of the basin, and were evidently on their way to "Going-to-the-Sun." They were headed for a grassy knoll high above me, from which the snow had melted, and there was a chance that they might stop there to feed. I saw that my only hope of getting within rifle-shot was to reach the knoll first and ambush them. I waited until they had nearly crossed the snow-drift, and were at such an angle that I would be hidden by an intervening hump on the mountain-side. Crawling from my ambush, I climbed with all my strength. The goats were travelling rapidly, and if I had anticipated their course rightly it would take them but a short time to get to the knoll. I realized, however, that, although speed was necessary, if I lost my wind and had to shoot in an exhausted condition there would be small chance of hitting them. As I approached the knoll it grew very exciting, for every instant I expected to see the goats appear. When I came to the knoll I threw myself flat behind a thick patch of grass, and before I had even time to get my rifle in position the head of a nanny appeared above the edge of the slope. She took a bite of grass and came into full view. I raised my .45–70 and cocked it. The click attracted the attention of the nanny which was in the lead. She stopped and looked squarely at me. I lay perfectly still, which apparently satisfied her, for she continued feeding. I fired, hitting her directly behind the shoulder. Then I gave the billy, which was following, a shot, which seriously wounded him.

By this time the first goat had struggled to a snow-drift, where I killed her with a second shot. In the mean time the wounded billy and the other nanny, with her two kids, had disappeared. It did not seem possible that the billy could go far. I started in pursuit, climbing with difficulty through the deep snow. I soon saw the nanny with her two kids standing at the top of a precipice, gazing stupidly at me. The three were within easy rifle-shot, and seemed absolutely bewildered. The kids were beautiful little animals, and though large enough to care for themselves, I had not the heart to shoot them or their mother.

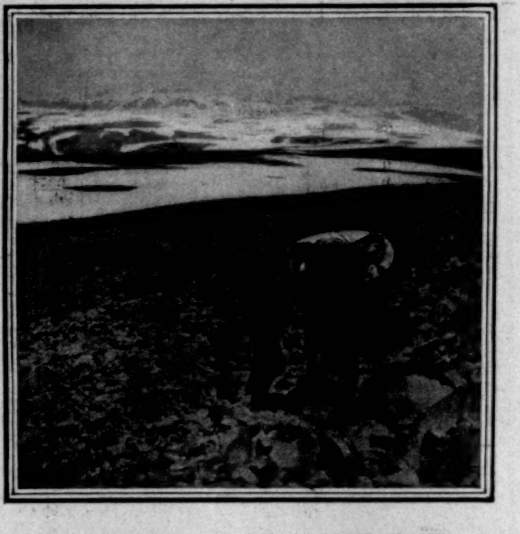
The billy was nowhere to be seen; so, leaving them, I returned to the knoll, and found from his tracks that he had separated from the other goats. Following his trail, I came upon him lying down. He saw me, and started for a precipitous part of the mountain, where, I feared, I might lose him; for wounded goats frequently go off to die in such inaccessible places that it is impossible to reach them. He ran upon a series of shelves formed by the outcroppings of the horizontal rock strata, and while jumping from one to the other I had another shot. This last bullet slackened his pace, but, with vitality equal to that of a grizzly-bear, he still crawled on. The climbing had become difficult and dangerous. The goat jumped down to a lower shelf, and seeing that if he went farther he would escape, I leaned over and fired. Fortunately he sank in his tracks, although I had fully expected to see him roll from the narrow ledge. It was now too late in the day to permit my skinning the goats, so, leaving them where they had fallen, I returned to camp.

Early on the following morning I started back with my pack-horse to secure the goats' heads and pelts. The day was warm and sultry. There were signs of an approaching snow-storm, which would make mountain-climbing both difficult and hazardous. Returning to the snow-drift where the nanny had fallen, I quickly skinned her and unjointed the head. Turning next to the task of passing along the ledges to reach the billy, I found that what had been done the day before with comparative ease and without any feeling of danger, because of the excitement of the chase, now tested to the utmost my strength and self-control. Carefully refraining from looking at the heights above or the rocks below, I dropped safely to the lower shelf, which was just wide enough to hold the body of the goat. I began my work immediately. The natural smell of a goat is offensive, but with the hide partly off it was extremely so. However, there was no escape from it. Behind me was the wall of rock sloping outward so that I could not stand erect; in front yawned the precipice, over which I did not dare to look.

Then came the difficult work of turning the carcass over; for the goat was large, weighing as much as a very large sheep, and in such narrow quarters it was an awkward job. When I had unjointed the head and finished the work, I crawled to the end of the shelf farthest from the carcass, and there sat down to recuperate. I then realized that, while working so very diligently, I had not noticed that the clouds were lowering upon the mountains, and that on some of the peaks the storm had already begun.

There still remained the dangerous and laborious task of getting the head and hide safely away from the ledges. Fortunately I had with me my lariat. Wrapping the head inside the hide, I lashed them with the rope, and throwing the end of it to the shelf above, I crawled up, and then pulled the bundle after me. A projecting rock blockaded my way at a point where the shelf was narrower and the slope steeper. I endeavored to shove the pack ahead of me, but the slope was too great. It started to slide, and fearing lest in such a ticklish place I might be pulled over, I let go the rope. The pack rolled from the ledge, and fell on the rocks below.

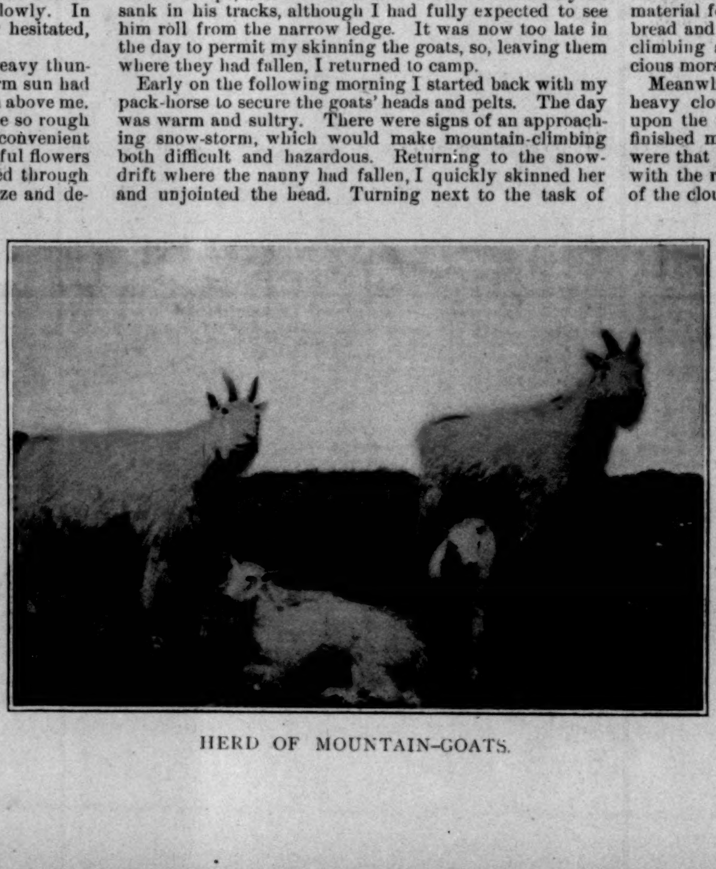
All my labor now seemed in vain, for even if I were able to reach the place where the pack had fallen, I feared I would find the head ruined by the fall. Discovering a way of approach to it from below, I was delighted to find that the head had been saved from serious injury by the thick fur of the pelt. Returning to my first trophy, I made a new pack of both heads and pelts, which, with my .45–70 rifle, I found to be a heavy load for the return trip. When I reached my horse, which I had left picketed far down the mountain-side, I was very tired. I felt that, could I have first counted the cost of my pair of heads and pelts, the task of securing them would never have been undertaken. I got together sufficient small material for making a fire. Over this I toasted some dry bread and bacon. With an appetite sharpened by hard climbing at a high altitude, they seemed the most delicious morsels I had ever eaten.



TIGHTENING A PACK IN THE WIND.

Meanwhile the air had grown damp and chilly. The heavy clouds were creeping lower and growing darker upon the mountains around me, and by the time I had finished my lunch it began to rain. As the indications were that the rain would steadily increase, and I felt that with the rapidly closing day and the growing heaviness of the clouds darkness would overtake me before I could cover but a small part of the trail which lay between me and camp, I resolved to spend the night where I was. I saw that Buck was securely picketed, in order that the scanty forage and the attractions of the home camp might not induce him to desert me. As it was impossible to keep up a fire, I lost no time in seeking shelter from the increasing rain under my blankets and tarpaulin. During the night I was awakened by a feeling of closeness in breathing and of an increased weight of covering. Turning over, I quickly fell asleep again. On awaking in the morning I felt unusually warm and comfortable, but found, to my surprise, on throwing off the tarpaulin covering, that I had been sleeping under an additional blanket of six inches of snow.

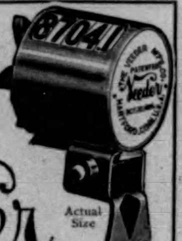
The next day, when safely back in camp, and I had completed the task of removing the scalps and "skinning out" the hides with their long, silky, snow-white fur, I appreciated as never before, what many hunters had told me, that one who brings from the Rockies of the Northwest the head of a Rocky Mountain goat, as the trophy of his own hunting, bears a good certificate of much hard work and difficult climbing.



HERD OF MOUNTAIN-GOATS.

An Accurate Knowledge of Distance

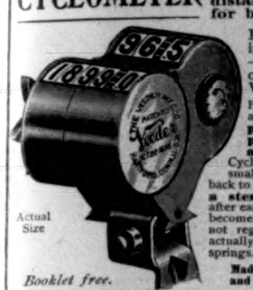
is essential to the efficient use of a wheel. If you doubt this, try a



Actual Size

Veeder CYCLOMETER

FOR A WEEK. It is the only accurate distance recorder for bicycles . . . .



Actual Size

Its merit has eliminated competition — 90 % of modern cyclometers are Veeder Cyclometers

Price, $1. 10,000 miles and repeat. **Dust-proof, water-proof, positive action.** On the "Trip" Cyclometer, price $2, the small indicator can be set back to zero separately, **like a stem-setting watch,** after each trip. Parts cannot become disarranged. Cannot register falsely unless actually **broken.** No springs. No delicate parts.

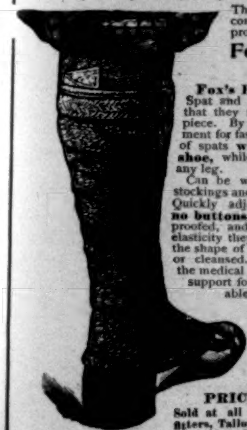
Made for 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch Wheels.

Booklet free.

VEEDER MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

FOX'S PATENT SPAT-PUTTEE

For { Golfing, Shooting, Hunting, Riding, Bicycling, Fishing, } Etc.



The most practical and comfortable form of leg protector yet produced

For Men and Women.

Fox's Patent Puttee is a Spat and Puttee combined, so that they form one continuous piece. By an ingenious arrangement for fastening, the same pair of spats **will fit any boot or shoe,** while the Puttee will fit any leg.

Can be worn with or without stockings and put on over trousers. Quickly adjusted, as there are **no buttons.** All wool and waterproofed, and on account of their elasticity they adapt themselves to the shape of the leg. Easily dried or cleansed. Recommended by the medical profession as a unique support for the leg, and invaluable for varicose veins. Can be had in the following shades: kharkee, dark brown, navy blue, and a variety of mixtures. Write for illustrated circular and shade-card.

PRICE $5.00 per pair.

Sold at all leading Stores, Outfitters, Tailors, etc., or sent direct on receipt of price by

BALE & MANLEY

414 Wool Exchange Bldg., Beach St. & W. Broadway, New York.

Rambler BICYCLES

1899 MODELS

of **RAMBLER BICYCLES** are the best we have ever made and the 1899 price popular and fair

$40

We are confident, after 20 years' experience, that we can build and are building

"THE BEST BICYCLES IN THE WORLD"

Catalogue is free.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.

Chicago Boston Washington New York
Brooklyn Detroit Cincinnati Buffalo
Cleveland London

ITHACA GUNS

Self-Compensating, taking up wear at every point.

Guaranteed not to shoot loose with Nitro Powder.

Close, hard-shooting Guns a specialty.

Prices reduced, and every gun warranted in the most positive terms. Send for circular and ask for special prices. We guarantee a No. 3 or No. 4 to be worth $25 more than any other make at same cost; any customer not finding this true can return the gun.

ITHACA GUN CO., Ithaca, N. Y.

$5 to $30 3000 BICYCLES

Everyone a Bargain.

NEW AND SECOND HAND.

2d Hand—good as any for service. **$5 to $12. New '99 Models $12.50 to $30. None higher.** We guarantee to save you money. Largest variety to select from. Lowest prices ever quoted. Every customer satisfied. Shipped subject to examination and approval. No money in advance. A few good AGENTS WANTED. For price list and particulars address the old reliable cycle house.

BROWN-LEWIS CO., (DL) 293 Wabash Av., Chicago.

$13.25 BUYS A $25.00 BICYCLE

Don't buy a bicycle before you write for our 1899 Catalogue. 2nd hand wheels from $5.00 up. NO MONEY REQUIRED in Advance. Address VICTOR MAN'F'G CO. Dept. G 69, 295 and 297 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HEALTH CIGARS

A DELICIOUS HONEST SMOKE

Not different in flavor or aroma from other good cigars of same price, but very different in their effect on the system.

The Tobacco from which Health Cigars are made is first treated with a solution discovered by Dr. Hugo Gerold, the greatest authority of Germany on nicotine poisoning. By this process the

NICOTINE IS RENDERED HARMLESS BUT NOT REMOVED

Recommended by Physicians Everywhere and Endorsed by Medical Associations.

52 Million Health Cigars smoked in Europe last year and consumed by all classes, from the peasant to the **CZAR OF RUSSIA,** who smokes them exclusively under command of the Imperial physician. Box of 12 cigars (ten-cent size) sent to any address for One Dollar. A pamphlet giving full information mailed on request.

THE HEALTH TOBACCO CO., - - - Fifth Ave. and 42d St., New York.

Solar Carriage Lamps

Burns Acetylene Gas.

Are of real value in actual use. Besides being a signal, they LIGHT ALL THE ROAD. Indispensable for night driving. Just the thing for doctors or for the vehicle you take to the country. Burn Gas.

Simple, Safe and Clean.

Price $9.00 and 15.00 per pair
Send for Catalogue.

Badger Brass Manufacturing Co., Kenosha, Wis.

CRESCENT BICYCLES

THE BEST SELLING WHEEL . . .

Nobody wants a poor wheel at any price, but thousands are looking for a high-grade wheel at a low figure. There has never been anything fancy about CRESCENT prices; but the wheel itself has proven more than fancy painted it. The record, the quality, and the price keep CRESCENTS spinning.

Catalogue No. 6, containing "Care of the Wheel," Free.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

"THE RUBBER IN A

Pneumatic Tire

performs only two functions—it affords an air-tight inner surface and a tough outer wearing surface. The fabric (not the rubber) is what determines the resilience, strength, and lasting qualities of a tire, and the fabric in the **DUNLOP** is preserved in all its natural strength by our "hand-made" process of treating it.

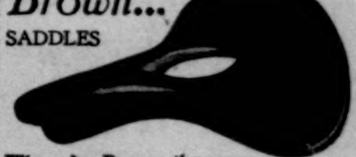
Ask your dealer, or send to us for our booklet telling all about it.

THESE ARE THE ONLY TOOLS YOU'LL NEED

THE AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY
Belleville, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

It pays to buy the Genuine

Brown...
SADDLES



Why so? Because they are the best that human skill with good material can turn out. *Full illustrated catalogue free.*

THE BROWN SADDLE COMPANY,
ELYRIA, OHIO.

Inside and Outside

Imperial Wheels

—the go-lightly kind,

are made right. '99 models excel in quality and finish. Catalogue on request.

Ames & Frost Company, Chicago.

Easy Running

The most nearly perfect bearings and sprockets yet devised are in

Waverley Bicycles $40

The highest attainment in bicycle building.

Our Catalogue will post you fully—Free.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

20TH CENTURY BICYCLE & DRIVING HEADLIGHTS

USE THE 1899 MODELS

PRICES LOW TO SELL MILLIONS

20TH CENTURY MFG. CO.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors,* will be sent free to any address on receipt of (postage) ten cents.

Cuticura SOAP

For the Complexion

To purify and beautify the skin and prevent pimples, blotches, blackheads, redness, roughness, yellow, oily, mothy skin, chapping, tan, sunburn, and many other forms of skin blemishes, no other skin or complexion soap is for a moment to be compared with Cuticura Soap, because no other reaches the cause, viz., *the clogged, irritated, or inflamed* Pores.

For Hair and Scalp.

Shampoo with Cuticura Soap, rinse with warm water, dry, and apply a light dressing of Cuticura, purest of emollients, gently rubbed into the scalp. This simple, refreshing, and inexpensive treatment will soothe irritated and itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow, thus producing luxuriant hair, with clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Red Rough Hands.

Bathe and soak the hands, on retiring, in strong, hot lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura ointment, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear during the night old, loose kid gloves. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, shapeless nails, with painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful and a blessing to all afflicted with sore hands.

For the Children.

For the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children, Cuticura Soap is not only the purest, sweetest, and most refreshing of nursery soaps, but it contains delicate emollient properties, obtained from Cuticura, the great skin cure, which preserve, purify, and beautify the skin, and prevent simple skin blemishes, rashes, and chafings from becoming serious. Absolutely pure, and may be used from the moment of birth.

For Sanative Uses.

Its remarkable emollient, cleansing, and purifying properties, derived from Cuticura, the great skin cure, warrant the use of Cuticura Soap, in the form of baths, for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, for too free or offensive perspiration, and also in the form of internal washes and solutions for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially to mothers. The use of Cuticura ointment with Cuticura Soap will also suggest itself in the severer cases.

For Baby Humors.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura ointment, the great skin cure and purest of emollients, afford instant relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusted humors, rashes, and irritations of infancy and childhood, permit rest and sleep to both parent and child, and point to a speedy cure in the severest cases, even when the best physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies fail.

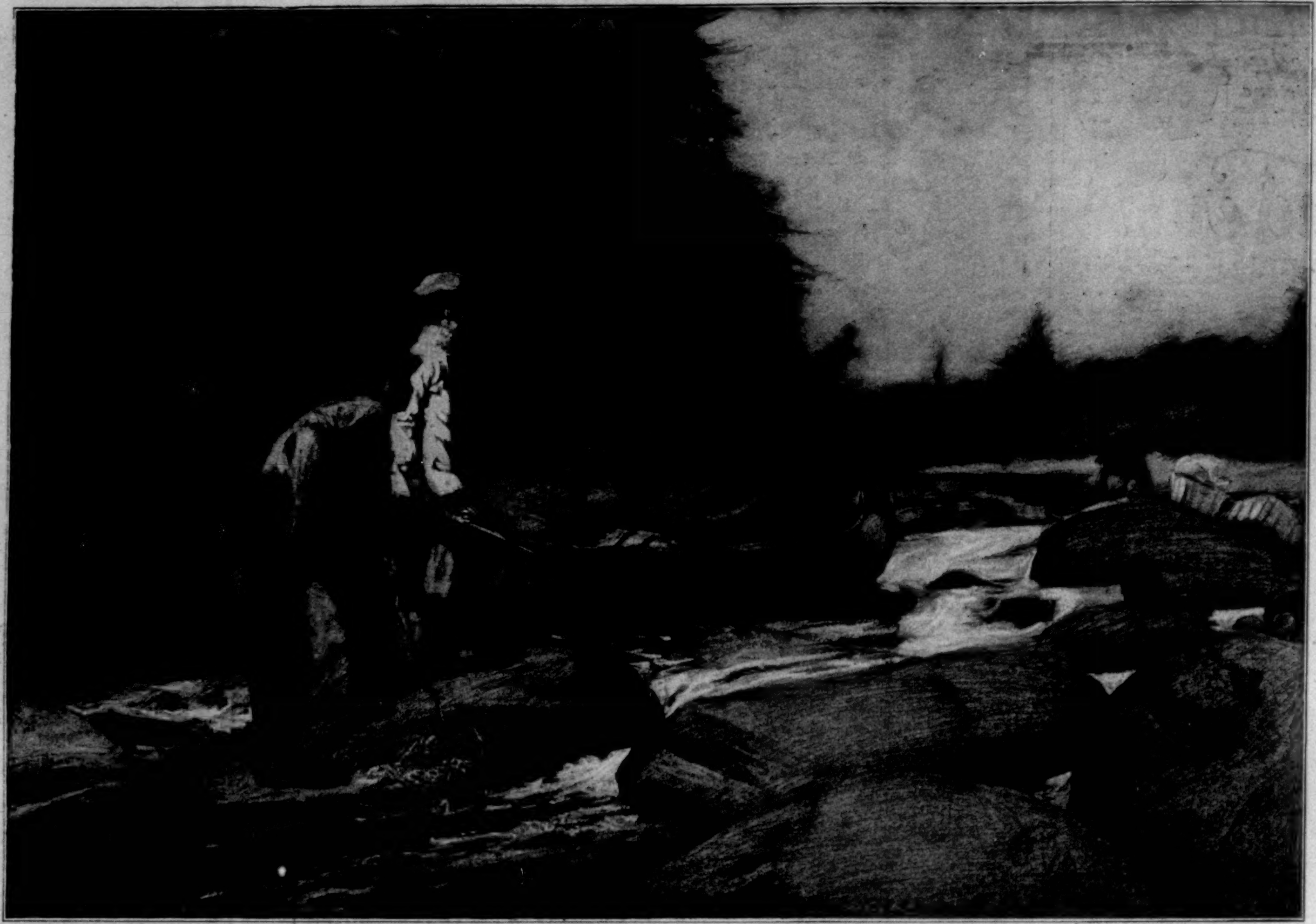
For Golf Rash.

Heat rash, itching, chafing, or any irritation produced by athletic exercises, and for sunburn, bites and stings of insects, no other application is so cooling, soothing, purifying, and refreshing as a bath with Cuticura Soap, followed by gentle anointings with Cuticura, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment will also be found most beneficial in cases of tired, lamed, sprained, inflamed, or bruised muscles, and as such is endorsed by the leading athletes and gymnasiums.

Medicinal & Toilet.

Cuticura Soap derives its delicate emollient properties from Cuticura, the great skin cure, which are skilfully combined with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors. Thus are blended in one soap all that is most desirable for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Price, Cuticura Toilet Soap, 25c.; Ointment, 50c. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Props., Boston. All about the "Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands," free.



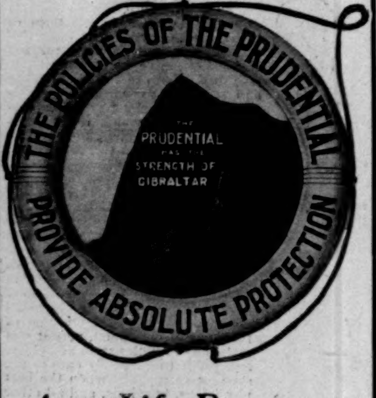
"YOU CAN'T CATCH A MOOSE WITH A FLY-ROD!"

THAT AGONIZING MOMENT WHEN THE JOYS OF TROUT-FISHING ARE AT A DISADVANTAGE.

Drawn by Lucius Hitchcock.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Prudential


THE POLICIES OF THE PRUDENTIAL PROVIDE ABSOLUTE PROTECTION
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

As a Life Preserver.

Life Insurance fills a definite, distinct mission. It is a fact that men live longer when they are insured — when they are relieved of the load of anxiety and worry which afflicts the thoughtful man who has failed to protect his family against want and dependence in the future.

Write for full information.

The Prudential
Insurance Co. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.
Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

POMMERY

Has no equal in those finer qualities of delicate flavor which are so highly appreciated by discriminating judges. It is the favorite champagne among connoisseurs the world over.

POMMERY "SEC" AND "BRUT" FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

CHAS. GRAEF & CO., sole agents for United States,
32 Beaver St., New York.

CHAMPAGNE

For Athletes & Everybody.

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT—

Gives Health and Strength.

DID YOU EVER COLLECT STAMPS?—There is much pleasure and money in it. For only 5 cents we will start you with an Album and 50 different stamps from Cuba, Phil. Isl., Porto Rico, etc., and our 80-page list, etc. We **Buy Old Stamps. Standard Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo**

THE HAIR 27th Ed., 25c. (or stamps.) Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

In 1858 Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER said of
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
"I think better of that which I began thinking well of."
Fac-Simile Signature of John I. Brown & Son on every box.

EGYPT'S PEERLESS
CONTRIBUTION
NESTOR
CIGARETTES

Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with **Pepsalt** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.
Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO.,
45 Sheriff St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him
That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt**

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

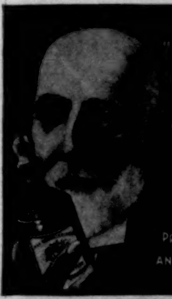
Blakemore Whiskey

7 YEARS OLD

NOTHING BETTER MADE OR SOLD.

Matured in wood and bottled in bond under Governmental Supervision.

Freiberg & Workum,
Cincinnati, Ohio.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN OF THIS YEARS AGO"

ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE

PRESERVES THE HAIR CLEANSES THE SCALP AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

We Pay Freight

$9.00 Buys a High Grade **Victor** Sewing Machine with full set of attachments. Adapted to light or heavy work. Guaranteed for 10 years. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

$22.00 Buys a First-Class **Victor** Church or Parlor ORGAN. Guaranteed for 25 yrs. 20 Days Free Trial. Catalogues Free. Address Dept M 18,
VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO.,
295-297 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NEW BOOKS

The Biographical Thackeray

The Biographical Edition of his Works is completed with the publication of

MISCELLANIES

This New and Revised Edition comprises Additional Material and Hitherto Unpublished Letters, Sketches, and Drawings, Derived from the Author's Original Manuscripts and Note-Books. Edited by Mrs. ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $1 75 *per volume.*

FUR AND FEATHER TALES

By HAMBLEN SEARS. Illustrated by A. B. FROST and Others.

These five hunting stories include moose-hunting in Canada, following the hounds after a stag in France, reindeer stalking in the interior of Norway, wild-duck shooting over live decoys in New England, and English pheasant-shooting on a preserve. They are full of the spirit and charm of life in the woods and on the shore, and to any one who loves life in the open air, but finds his days passing swiftly away in an office in the city, this will bring a fresh whiff of the sea and the odor of the scrub-oaks and pines of the woods.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.

DANISH FAIRY & FOLK TALES

From the Danish of SVEND GRUNDTVIG, E. T. KRISTENSEN, INGVOR BONDESEN, and L. BUDDE. Translated by J. CHRISTIAN BAY.

The tales are of an exceedingly high order, and may fairly rank with Grimms' and Hans Christian Andersen's fairy and folk-lore stories. The tales will appeal to children of all ages.

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50

Harper & Brothers, New York & London

Hunter Baltimore Rye

The Purest Type
Of The
Purest Whiskey.

The Favorite
Of All First-Class
Clubs, Cafes, Hotels.

10 Years Old. Rich Flavor.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

How particular are you about the pipe tobacco you smoke? Is low price an object?—there are hundreds of cheap kinds. Is the high quality an object? One kind is perfection!

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

is made for fastidious smokers who appreciate its pleasant flavor, its fragrance, and its unvarying excellence.

A liberal sample—enough for a proper trial of Yale Mixture—will be mailed prepaid anywhere for 25 cts. Send postage stamps.

Marburg Bros., The American Tobacco Co., Successor, Baltimore, Md.

FREE! We will cheerfully send on request our illustrated catalogue of

"PERFECTION"
Air Mattresses,
Pillows, Cushions,
Etc.

For Home Use, Ships, Yachts, Boats, Camping, Hospitals, Etc.

Our name and TRADE-MARK on each article is a guarantee of quality.

DEALERS will do well to write for Trade Discount.

Mechanical Fabric Co.,
Sprague Street,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CHEW
Beeman's
The Original
Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

Pride of the West.

36, 41 and 45 inches wide.

The best muslin made for underwear and general household purposes.

For sale by all leading retailers.

Financial

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

CLOSE YOUR EYES

and you will not see gold if you walk over it. The man, with his eyes open, will. If you do not read **The Wall Street Journal**, your eyes are closed to opportunity. And then you blame your "luck." "Ill-luck" means misinformation. Readers of

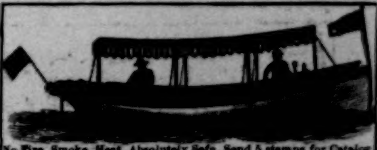
The Wall Street Journal

are never misinformed.

For sale at all news-stands. Sample Copy free.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
42-44 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE thoroughly revised and classified, with *portraits of authors,* will be sent free to any address on receipt of postage (ten cents).



No Fire, Smoke, Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send 5 stamps for Catalog
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the improved. No tacks required. To avoid imitations, notice script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

KNABE PIANOS ARE INCOMPARABLE

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

BIG GAME IN THE FOREST.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

Trade-Mark.

The Standard for Purity and Excellence....

Costs less than one cent a cup.

Our Trade-Mark on Every Package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
ESTABLISHED 1780.

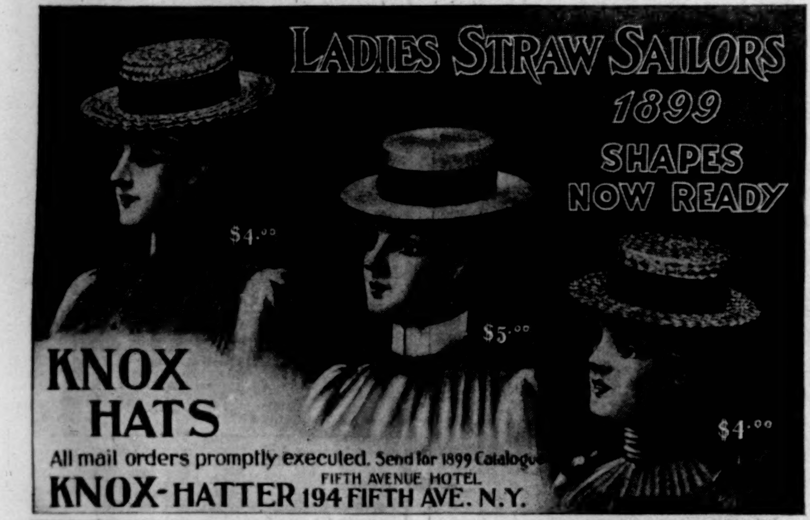
COLUMBIA HARTFORD and VEDETTE BICYCLES

$75 to $25

Our 1899 models embody more improvements of direct practical value to the rider than were ever before offered by any manufacturer in a single season.

Ask any Columbia dealer for catalogues, booklets, folders, etc., or write to us enclosing 2-cent stamp.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.



ESTERBROOK'S

Relief Pen, No. 314.

ESTERBROOK'S RELIEF

EASE IN WRITING UNSURPASSED.

20 other varieties of stub pens. . **150** styles fine, medium and blunt points. .

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,
Works, Camden, N.J. 26 John St., N.Y.

7000 BICYCLES

Overstock; must be closed out. **'98 Models $9 to $16. Shopworn** and secondhand wheels, as good as new **$3 to $10.** New **'99 Models, $11 to $30.** Great Factory clearing sale. We ship to anyone on approval, without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE by helping us advertise our superb line of '99 models. We give one Rider Agent in each town **FREE USE** of sample wheel to introduce them. **Write at once for our special offer**

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, 187 Ave. G, Chicago, Ills.

Joseph Gillott's
STEEL PENS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889,
AND THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION AWARD.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

It's Not a Medicine

But a Delicious Drink—relished and easily retained.

Vigoral Concentrated Beef.

Stimulates, strengthens. At fountains and Cafes.
Armour & Company, Chicago.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

Pond's Extract
CURES

Bruises, Cuts, all Pain, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds.

(Avoid Substitutes.)

Pond's Extract reflects its virtues wherever used.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Carpets, Upholstery.

Country House Furnishings.

Oriental Rugs.

Brussels and Wilton Carpets.
Japanese and Chinese Mattings.

Lace Curtains.

Muslin Draperies, Chintzes,
Beds and Bedding.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

"Have you been over the Loop?"

is the question asked of every tourist returning from Colorado. This attractive trip is via "The Colorado Road," and may be made pleasantly and conveniently in one day. It comprehends the most sublime and beautiful in mountain scenery, the route being through beautiful Clear Creek Cañon, whose massive walls tower hundreds of feet above the train. In addition to the Loop Trip, you should by all means go from Denver to Leadville through picturesque Platte Cañon, than which there is no grander scenery in the world. For descriptive matter please write, enclosing two-cent stamp, to

T. E. FISHER, General Passenger Agent,
"THE COLORADO ROAD"
(Colorado & Southern Railway),
DENVER, - - - COLORADO.

P. S.—Send 5 cents in postage for a beautifully colored Loop Button.

1899- 35th -1899
Annual Statement
OF THE
TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate, - - - - -	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank, - -	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due, -	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security, -	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums - -	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds, - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds, -	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks, - - - -	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds, - -	1,462,300.00
Total Assets, - -	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	597,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment, -	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance, -	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, - - - - -	400,000.00
Total Liabilities, - -	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders, - -	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force, - -	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898.	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

Nathan B. Goodnow & Co.,
BANKERS.
ESTABLISHED 1873.
2 Post Office Sq., Boston, Mass.
52 Broadway, New York City.

Transact a General Banking Business, including the Purchase and Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Grain, for Investment or on Margin.

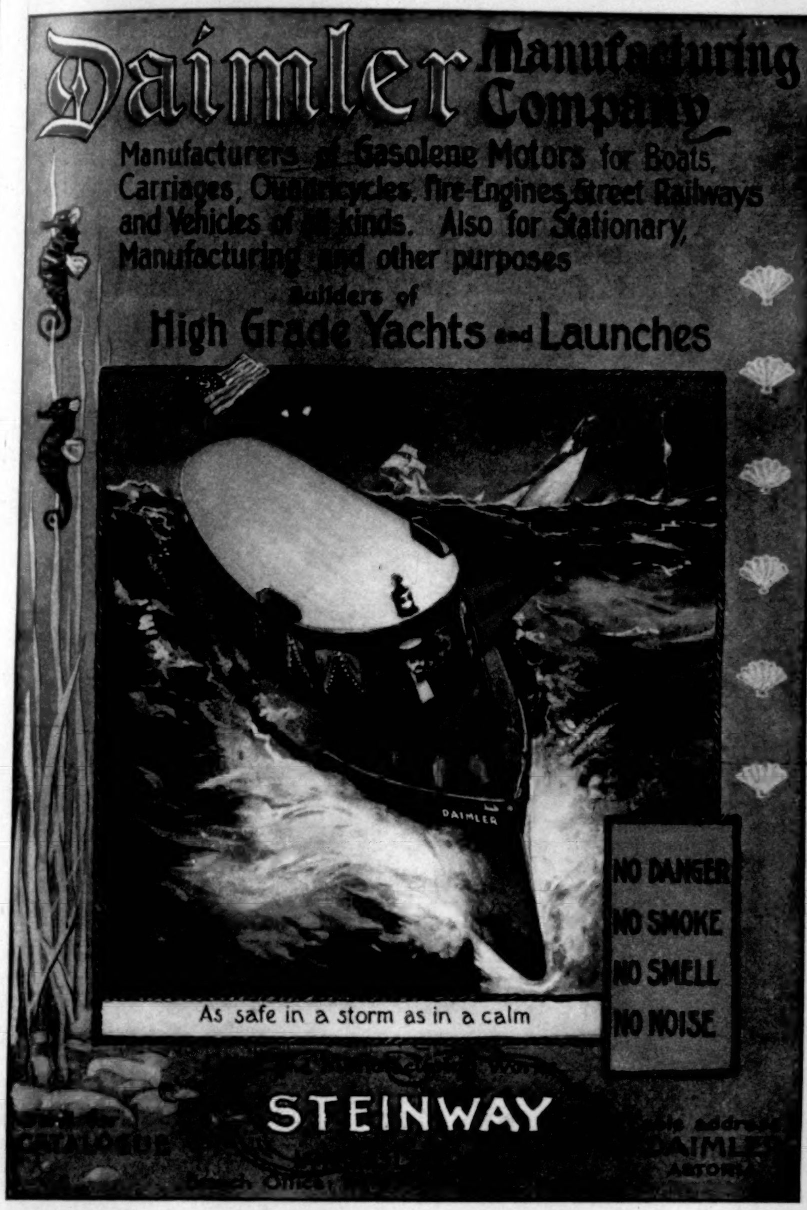
Dealers in Government and Railroad Bonds.

Books containing Four-Year Range of Prices, Dividends, and Earnings sent free on request.

A Permanently Invested Fund of over TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS is held as a Guaranteed Security for all persons having business with us.

Correspondence solicited.

E&W
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD



Daimler Manufacturing Company

Manufacturers of Gasolene Motors for Boats, Carriages, Quadricycles, Fire-Engines, Street Railways and Vehicles of all kinds. Also for Stationary, Manufacturing and other purposes

Builders of High Grade Yachts and Launches

As safe in a storm as in a calm

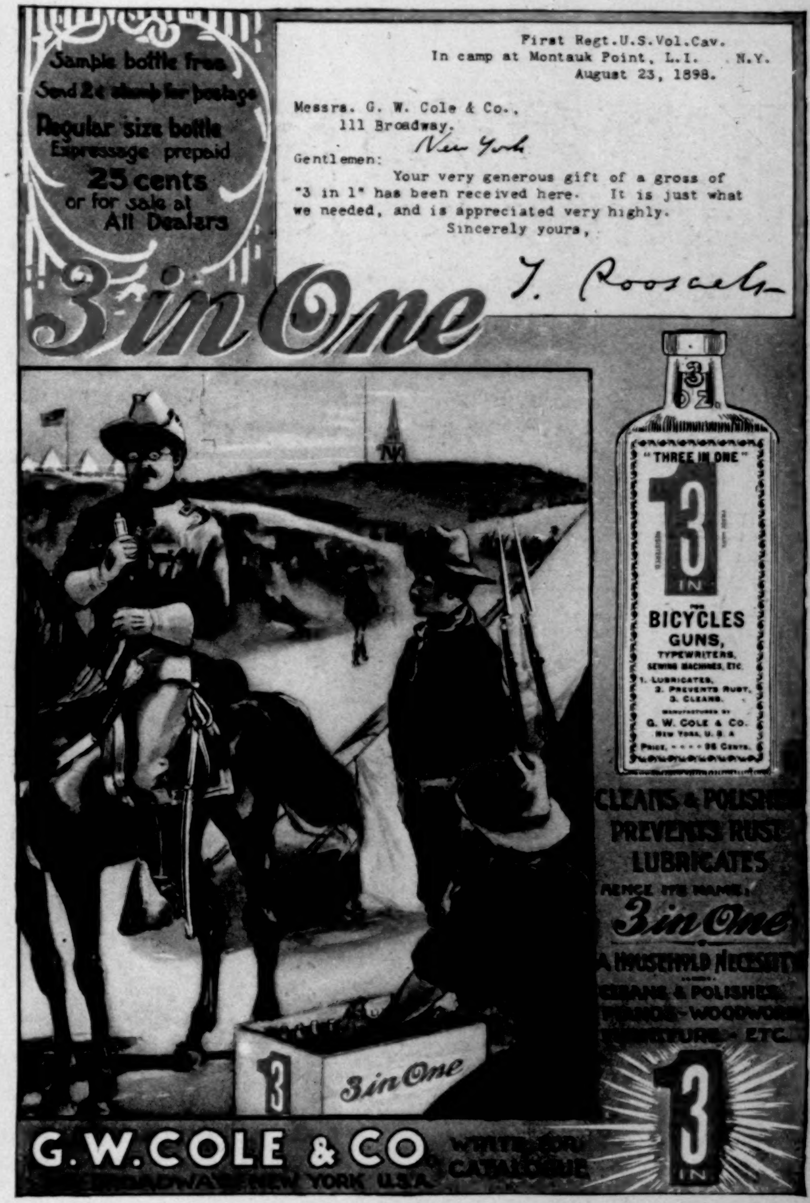
NO DANGER
NO SMOKE
NO SMELL
NO NOISE

STEINWAY

[illegible] CATALOGUE

Branch Office [illegible]

[illegible] address DAIMLER ASTORIA



Sample bottle free
Send 2¢ stamp for postage
Regular size bottle
Expressage prepaid
25 cents
or for sale at
All Dealers

First Regt. U.S. Vol. Cav.
In camp at Montauk Point, L.I. N.Y.
August 23, 1898.

Messrs. G. W. Cole & Co.,
111 Broadway.
New York

Gentlemen:

Your very generous gift of a gross of "3 in 1" has been received here. It is just what we needed, and is appreciated very highly.

Sincerely yours,

T. Roosevelt

3 in One

3 OZ.

"THREE IN ONE"
3 IN
FOR BICYCLES
GUNS,
TYPEWRITERS,
SEWING MACHINES, ETC.
1. LUBRICATES,
2. PREVENTS RUST,
3. CLEANS.
MANUFACTURED BY
G. W. COLE & CO.
NEW YORK, U. S. A.
PRICE, - - - - 25 CENTS.

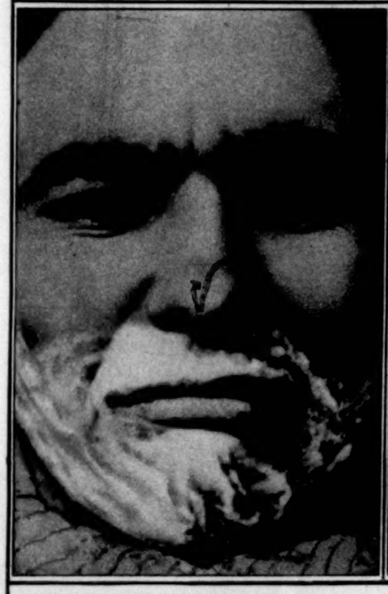
CLEANS & POLISHES
PREVENTS RUST
LUBRICATES
HENCE ITS NAME,
3 in One
A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY
CLEANS & POLISHES
PIANOS - WOODWORK
FURNITURE - ETC.

3 in One

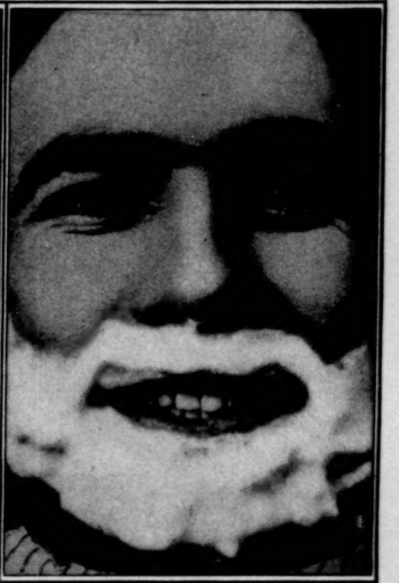
3 IN

G. W. COLE & CO.
[illegible] BROADWAY NEW YORK U.S.A.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.



This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

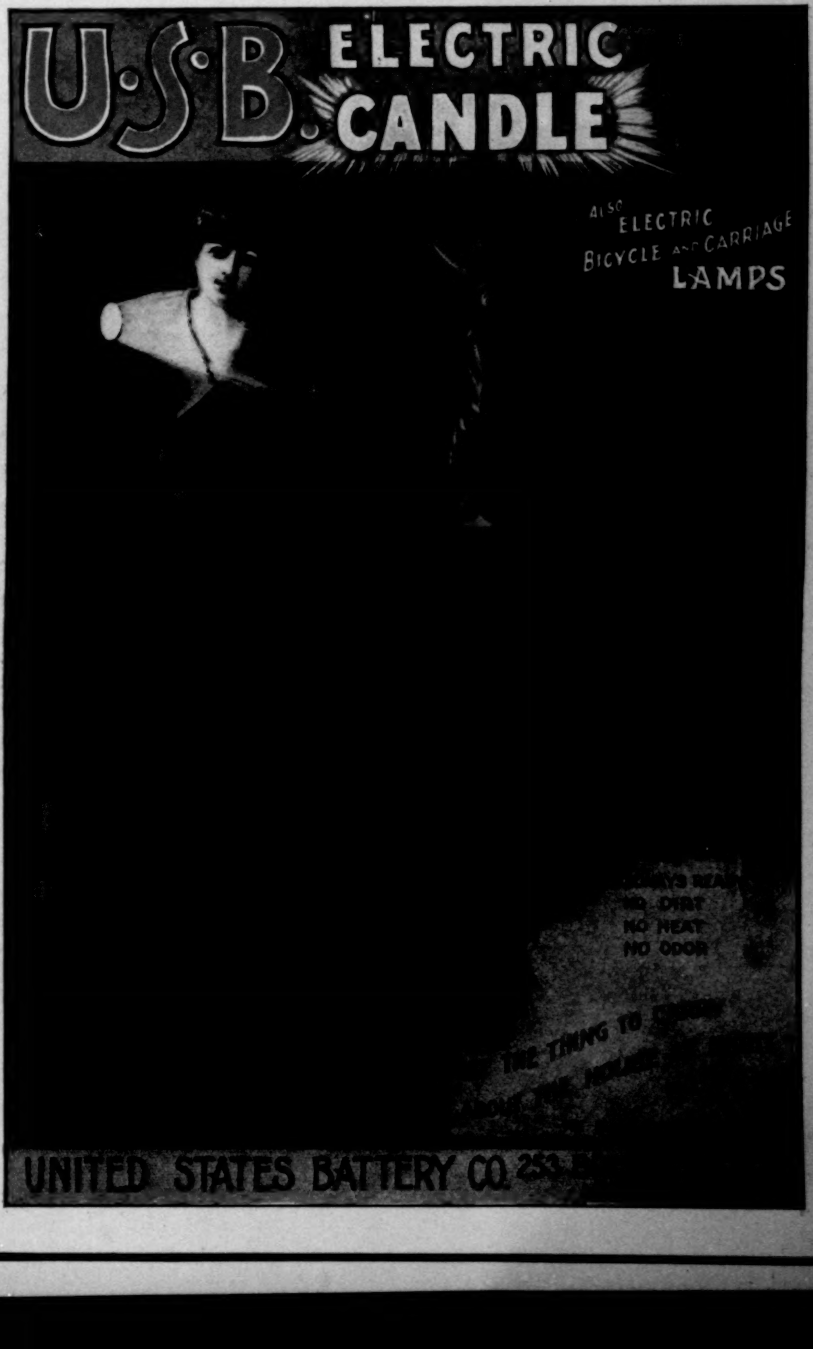
DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

It DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. **Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.**
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts. **Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.**
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.



U.S.B. ELECTRIC CANDLE

ALSO ELECTRIC BICYCLE AND CARRIAGE LAMPS

[illegible]
NO DIRT
NO HEAT
NO ODOR

THE THING TO [illegible]

UNITED STATES BATTERY CO. 253 [illegible]